

1957



MUSTER









THE SENIOR CLASS
of
MASSACHUSETTS
MARITIME ACADEMY

presents

The 1957

M U S T E R

BUZZARDS BAY
MASSACHUSETTS



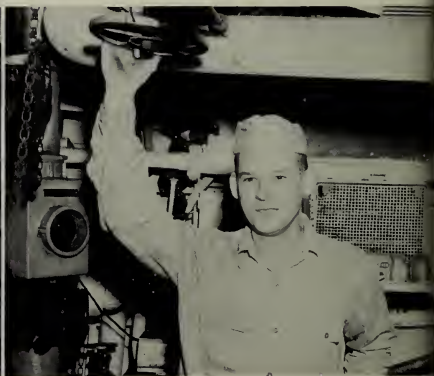
dedicated to . . .

Chief McKercher is the essence of the renowned Navy Chief—technical expert, fine instructor, leader, and family man. The chief, though new to this Academy and its men, developed such a fine instructor-student relationship that the Middies' most frowned-upon course was soon looked forward to. In reciprocation for his introduction to fire control, we hope we have given him his introduction to fine New England sea food.

Mr. Livsey returned to his Alma Mater after a ten-year absence. He was greeted with two problems: first, the class of '57, and second, how to make interesting the subjects of Boilers and Rules and Regs. He met both with success. It was not long before he became one of the most popular officers in the engineering department. To Mr. Livsey—a fine officer and leader—go our thanks for a job well done.

F.T.C. Thomas D. McKercher U.S.N.

Lieutenant A. William Livsey, USNR





F.T.C. Thomas D. McKercher U.S.N.

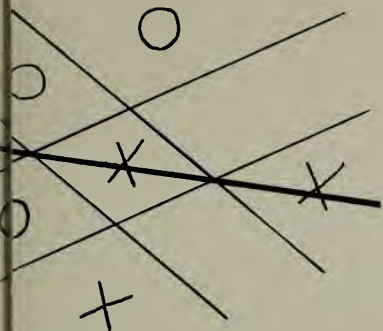
Lieutenant A. William Livsey U.S.N.R.



FOREWORD

In the following pages we are endeavoring to set down some of the more prominent events that have taken place in the three years that we have spent here, from the time of our arrival at the Academy as lowly Young Men, to the everyday experiences that take place in the usual routine at the "Bay". To mention only a few: the sometimes rather heavily populated Masts, or the late hours for the forthcoming exams. On the other hand, there were the somewhat lighter events that one is able to find only in those faraway ports of call that the "Charleston" visited. These and other events, too numerous to mention, make up the life of a Midshipman at Massachusetts Maritime Academy.





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"Courtesy of THE RUDDER"

OVER A HALF CENTURY OF SERVICE . . .

Since the colonization of our country, in 1620, Massachusetts has always been a state which depended on the sea; therefore, it is only natural that it be the one of the first to initiate a school dedicated to the maritime field.

In 1891, the Massachusetts Nautical School, now Massachusetts Maritime Academy, was founded with the USS ENTERPRISE as a training vessel. The cadets traveled the seven seas, acquiring the knowledge necessary to

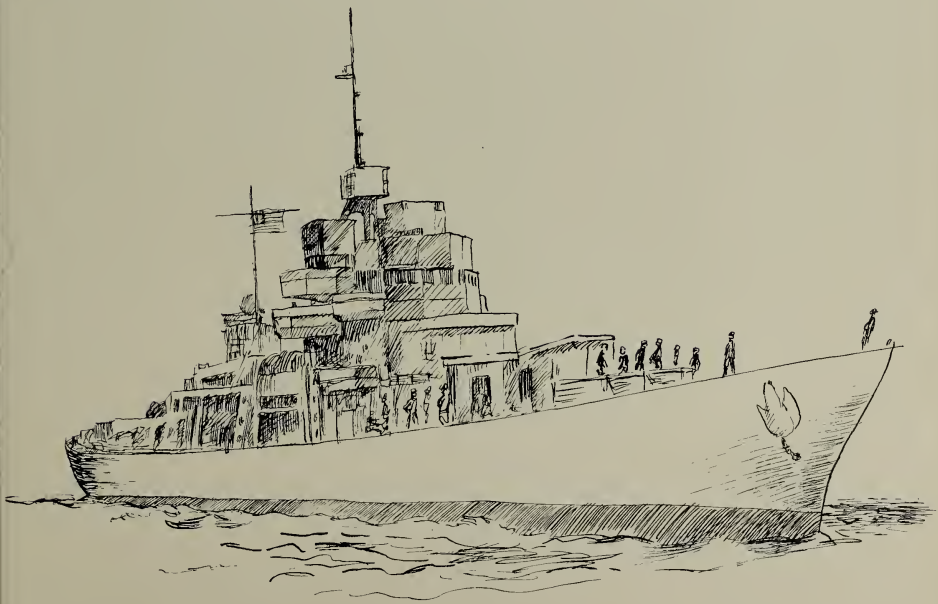
become a trained officer in the Merchant Marine.

After sixteen productive years the USS ENTERPRISE was replaced by the barkentine RANGER which was later renamed the USS NANTUCKET, or as more commonly called by her numerous graduates, the "Nancy". The NANTUCKET served the school well through long years, and the cadets enrolled spread seeds of friendship and good will in all the ports in which they anchored.

With the imminence of war, the facilities were greatly increased by the acquiring of the shore base at Hyannis in 1941. Throughout these trying years the importance of the school was realized as the graduates proved their capabilities in the US Navy and the Merchant Marine.

In 1948 the Midshipmen of Massachusetts Maritime Academy traveled to San Francisco and boarded our

present training ship, the gunboat CHARLESTON which we acquired from the Maritime Commission. Returning to Cape Cod, it was found that the CHARLESTON could most easily be moored at the State Pier in Buzzards Bay. After altering the building on State Pier into classrooms the Academy was relocated there, with plans under consideration for the further development of dormitory, laboratories, and office facilities.





The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

*Department of Education
Massachusetts Maritime Academy
Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts*

Gentlemen:

You are about to leave us, to test the tools we have given you during your three years here-- tools of knowledge, of professional competence, of high personal standards. I have seen your development from adolescence to maturity in that time.

You are joining the unbroken column of those who have served in ships of peace and of war, who have proved both themselves and the school, of which you are they are proud graduates.

I have faith in your ability to steer a wise course through our troubled world; and therefore I predict for you every success in the profession you have chosen.

Respectfully,

Julian D. Wilson
Julian D. Wilson
Rear Admiral, USN (Retired)
Superintendent



RAdm. JULIAN D. WILSON USN (Ret.)
Superintendent

Contained in the following pages are the men responsible for the molding of past, present, and future Merchant Marine officers. To them we extend our deepest thanks. We hope that through their efforts we may uphold the prestige of Massachusetts Maritime Academy which they have inspired in us.



FACULTY





Captain John W. Thompson USMS
Executive Officer



Commander James M. Murray USNR
Chief Engineer

ADMINISTRATION

Commander Richard T. Rounds USNR
Head of Navigation Department



Captain Louis A. Woodland USNR
Communications, Ships Construction



NAVIGATION and SEAMANSHIP



Commander William J. Commors USNR
Rules of the Road, Seamanship



Lieutenant Lucian T. Page
Third Division



Lieutenant Paul G. Hirst USMS
Maritime Law, First Division

Lieutenant Allen M. Shea USNR
Economics, Mechanical Drawing



DECK DIVISIONS



ACADEMIC DEPT.

LCDR Lee F. Harrington USNR



LCDR Admont Clark
USCGR

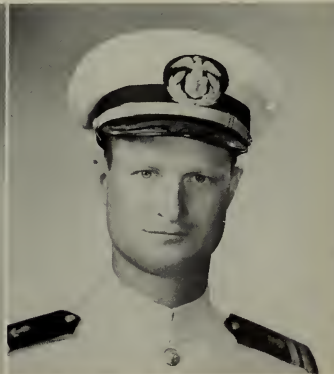
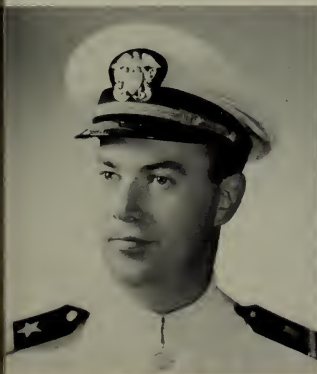


Lieutenant Richard N.
Boulter USNR

Lieutenant Mark Casey
USNR

Lieutenant Charles Jiallet

Lieutenant Fredrick G.
Wickander USCGR





Lieutenant A. William Livsey USNR
Boilers, Properties of Materials



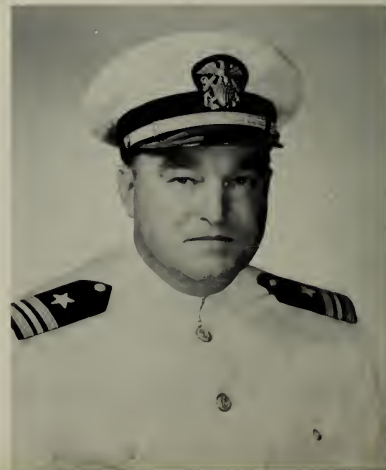
Lieutenant Mario Tonello USMS
Machinery Division

ENGINEERING DEPT.

Commander William H. Hemerly USNR
Electricity, Refrigeration



LCDR James D. Crosby USNR
Steam Auxiliaries





Commander Joseph Simone USNR

NAVAL SCIENCE DEPT.



Lieutenant Robert R. Poitras
USNR



Lt. (jg) David W. Gerety
USNR



GMC Ernest S. Yaendl USN



FTC Thomas D. McKercher
USN



YNC Eugene Masin USN



Lieutenant James F. Boyle MD
Ships Surgeon

NAVAL SCIENCE OFFICERS



Lieutenant Alvin Anteen
Supply Officer



With these gentlemen we have spent three years of our lives preparing for our future. To each we extend thanks for the favors done by them and wish them Godspeed to a successful future and hope that they never forget the life at Massachusetts Maritime Academy.



SENIORS





John J. Ferrera

Company Commander
Propeller Club (Sec., Treas.)
Drill Squad
Newman Club
Athletic Committee

JOHN JOSEPH FERRERA
30 Calvary St.
Waltham. Mass.

John came to us from the watch city and was a deckie for a while, but he finally saw the light and became an engineer. It was not long before he was tagged with the name of Cocchi, a past "four striper," because of a remarkable likeness to him. It was not too long before Cocchi became the third in command of the barber shop, where he held many of us at his mercy at one time or another. When he became an Upper Job he lived up to his nickname by becoming our battalion commander. We shall be ever indebted to John not only for his leadership—but also in his little black book!

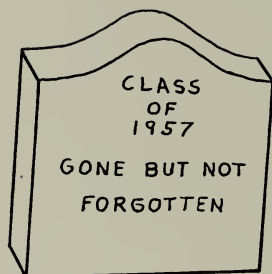
John D. Keenan

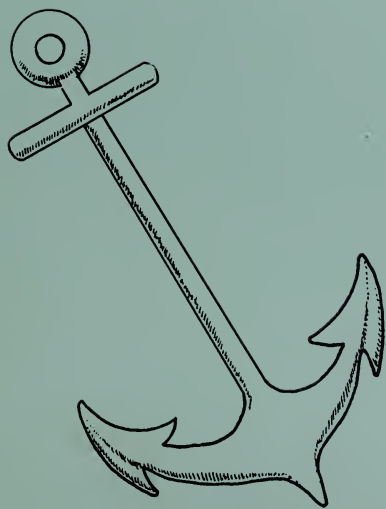
Pink Club
Newman Club
Fan Club
Propeller Club
Company Adjutant



JOHN DAY KEENAN
74 Edgemont Rd.
E. Braintree, Mass.
Keenjab

Thayer Academy's **Keen-jab**, the irradical redhead, came to Cape Cod's College of Nautical Knowledge after a year's wait. At the end of two years here he was honored with the title of Company Adjutant. Jack strove as a second-job to keep us in line, and his 6 for 6 theory will long be remembered. As a first-job not only did he have us to worry about but also the underclasses as well. He weathered the storm and proved his worth. Be good and keep your nose clean, Jack.









BOILER DIVISION



James F. Gillen

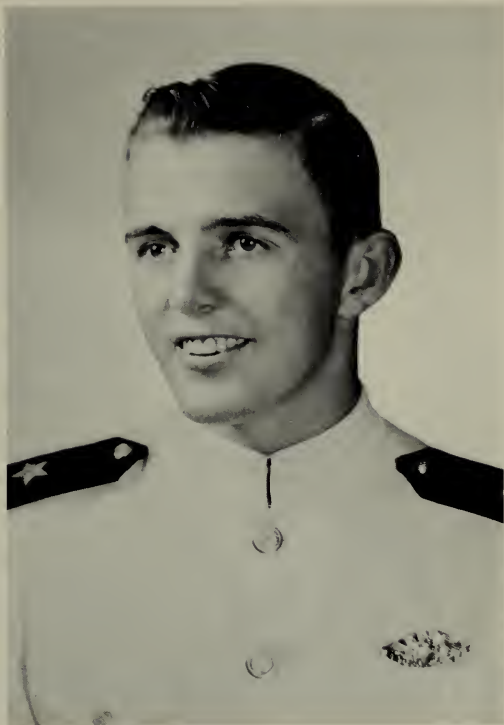
Football 1, 2, 3 (?)
 Muster Staff
 Cadet Lt.
 Propeller Club
 Softball
 20-20 Club
 Oil King

JAMES F. GILLEN
 15 Cliff Rd.
 Hingham, Mass.
 Chick

Jim comes to us from a seafaring town called Hingham. He almost immediately became a member of the Big Three. He too, soon found out that "there is gold in them thar hills," and it became evident that he would find it. Jim often could be found bailing out the other members of the Hingham contingent at almost any time. There was a big change about Jim after the Mediterranean cruise, but all for the best. He will succeed in all that he does—what's this C.E. on the Nantasket Boat.

Peter Kendrigan

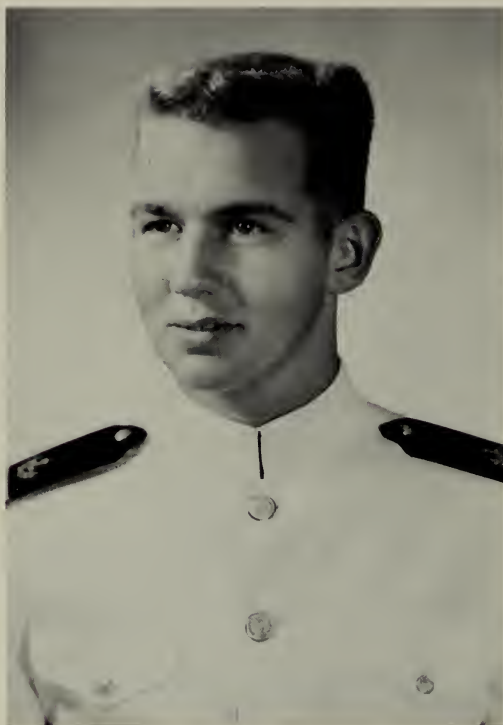
Softball
Cadet Ensign
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Jr. Oil King



PETER MICHAEL KENDRIGAN
River Terrace, Parkwood Beach
Wareham. Mass.

Pedro

Pete comes to us from that small "semi-bogger" town at the gateway to the Cape . . . Wareham. **Peter** had to be close to home because when he forgot something on one of his down-to-the-wire trips to the ship on a Sunday night (which happened quite often) he could have it brought down to him the next day. It was a happy day in Watch II when **Pete** got his one stripe and was put in Watch I with the good boys. All in all Pete was a credit to our class and we wish him all the luck in the future.



Robert N. Anderson

Section Leader 1
Century Club
20-20 Club
Propeller Club
Glee Club
2115 Club

ROBERT NILS ANDERSON
195 Lewis Club
South Yarmouth, Mass.
Nubian

The leader of the Hyannis gang, **Andy** has done the best he could in maintaining its fine name. Always the first to say, "Sure, I'm game," for a party, **Andy** is usually the last to leave. **The Nube** has done well with outstanding memory and as a result is away up in the first of his class. Bob always "scored" with the first classmen in our youngie year, and is still up to his famous shenanagins. We don't think he'll ever relax except in **Hank's** class. Luck, **Andy**, in everything you undertake.

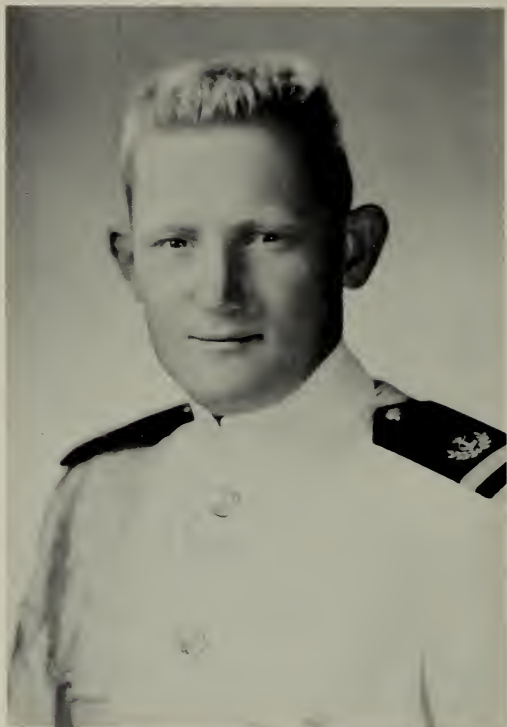
Dick Butthman

Band
Marinaires
Club 49
Football First Club



RICHARD ARTHUR BUTHMAN
1625 Turnpike St.
North Andover, Mass.
Bruno

Bruno—Ja, das ist der Field Marshal in charge of all manner of white uniforms. His life as a first classman was nearly short lived as he was almost lynched because some white uniforms failed to appear. As a youngie **Bruno** was able to pull a deal or two with **Sneaky Pete's** band, but after **Pete** left **Bruno** became the originator and leader of a swinging group called the **Marinaires**. The "bleating bugular" blew reveille every morning, well almost every morning—and if we forgive him for that we will never forget the Fuehrer's right hand man **Bruno**.



Thomas F. Butler

Football 1, 2, 3 (?)
Baseball 1, 2, 3
Basketball 1, 2
Century Club
Newman Club
Propeller Club

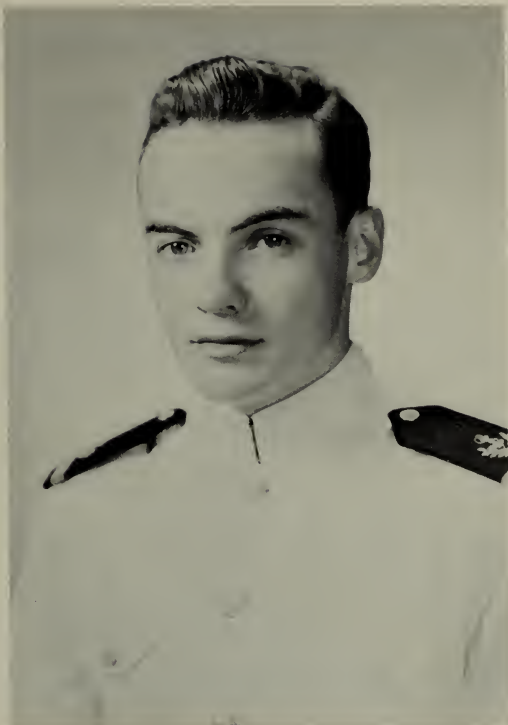
THOMAS FRANCIS BUTLER, JR.
179 Locust St.
Hyannis, Mass.

Tim

"Oh, Timmy-y-y," comes the call of the many girls he left behind on the Cape. A true Bogger at heart Tim was a well reserved gentleman during his first two years with us. Now he is one of us . . . characters (?) shall we say. Tim has that unmistakable look resembling a red Buick with the doors open! Never seen without Moe, the pair have done their part of courting the female population of Hyannis. Whenever Tim has to be located, all one has to do is to look for a pink glow and there he is. Good luck to you, Tim, from all of us.

Neil J. Duffley

Band
Propeller Club
Horizontal Club
Softball
20-20 Club



NEIL J. DUFFLEY
800 Washington St.
Dorchester, Mass.
Duff

Dorchester gave M.M.A. another charter-member in the person of old **Duff**. Neil was a hard person to find in his first two years at the Academy, but during his last he could often be found in the Port Aisle. At the same time, he found that Hyannis is but 26 miles away, with an attraction that caused him to become a member of the 2115 Club.

One of the quieter of the Port Aisle boys, on occasion he could be heard saying in his high falsetto: "Who wants these six Youngies?"

Best of luck to a guy who may someday be Fleet Admiral—
6th Fleet.



Herbert A. Ellis Jr.

Rowing Team
Drill Squad
Softball
Newman Club
Propeller Club

HERBERT A. ELLIS
188 Blue Hills Parkway
Milton, Mass.

Herb

Watch I claimed this industrious hard working young man upon his entrance to our "Hallowed bulkheads." **Herb's** "shyne-ing" ambition as a youngie diminished some what in his second year, and by August 1956, he was a near permanent fixture in the starboard aisle. A man of high tastes we would often hear of his "quiet" weekends between Milton and Bean Town. A great liberty goer, **Herb** knew all the "better" places to go in our cruise ports. To a great guy goes our sincere best in years to come.

Kenneth Robert Grant

Ring Dance Committee
Graduation Honor Guard
20-20 Club
Band
Propeller Club



KENNETH ROBERT GRANT
5 Pelican Road
Quincy, Mass.
Porkchop

We first laid eyes on Porkchop when he came to visit, dressed in uniform foreign to this university. After overcoming a slight deficiency **Grunt fish** joined our merry Throng. **Ken** then took it on himself to ascertain that all canal traffic was properly logged in. **Ken** took great pleasure in his sleek black Chevvy and could often be seen driving from the main building to the campus store, via the parking lot. Pound for pound, Ken is one of the bigger boys on the grounds; and to him goes the very best of luck.



Frank E. Mahoney

Football 1, 2
Softball
Newman Club
Propeller Club

FRANCIS E. MOHONEY

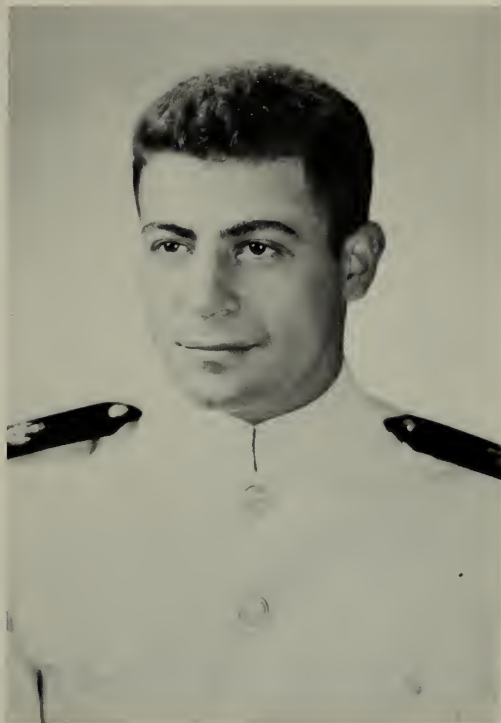
22 North Main St.
Whitinsville, Mass.

Moe

Boy look at that handsome guy from—Whitinsville, did you say? Looks like he's fresh out of Hollywood. And thus it was that woman's demands for a perfect man came our way—had his Plymouth not had endurance he may never have made it to B. Gulch. Yes, **Moe** has many outstanding characteristics, some more so than others. **Fran** will long remember the courtesies extended by the gate Marines at New Port and shall never forget Sandford. Of one thing we are sure, when **Fran** decides to give up bachelorhood he will have **NO** trouble finding a mate.

Anthony C. Scarlata

Baseball 1, 2, Capt. 3
Football 1, 2, 3 (?)
Zero Sisters
Basketball 1, 2
Band
Muster Staff



ANTHONY C. SCARLATA
48 Oak St.
Dedham, Mass.

Tony comes to us from Boston Trade. It was not long until he was one of the best-known and best-liked Youngies aboard. Soon he gained a prominent position on the varsity football team as a fast-running scatterback. His sporting ability did not stop with football, however; he played on Mr. Harrington's championship baseball team and was its captain.

His own countrymen disappointed him in Genoa; it was something about a Greek money deal. But no matter what he undertakes we know that he will lead the field.

SECOND CLASS

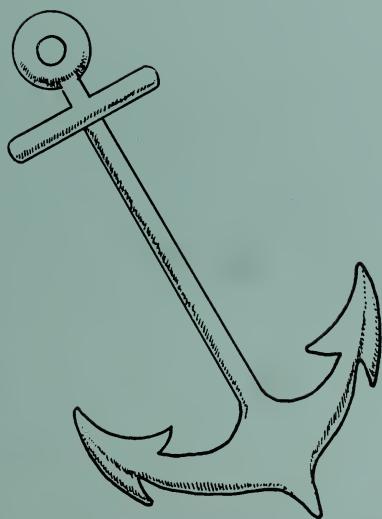


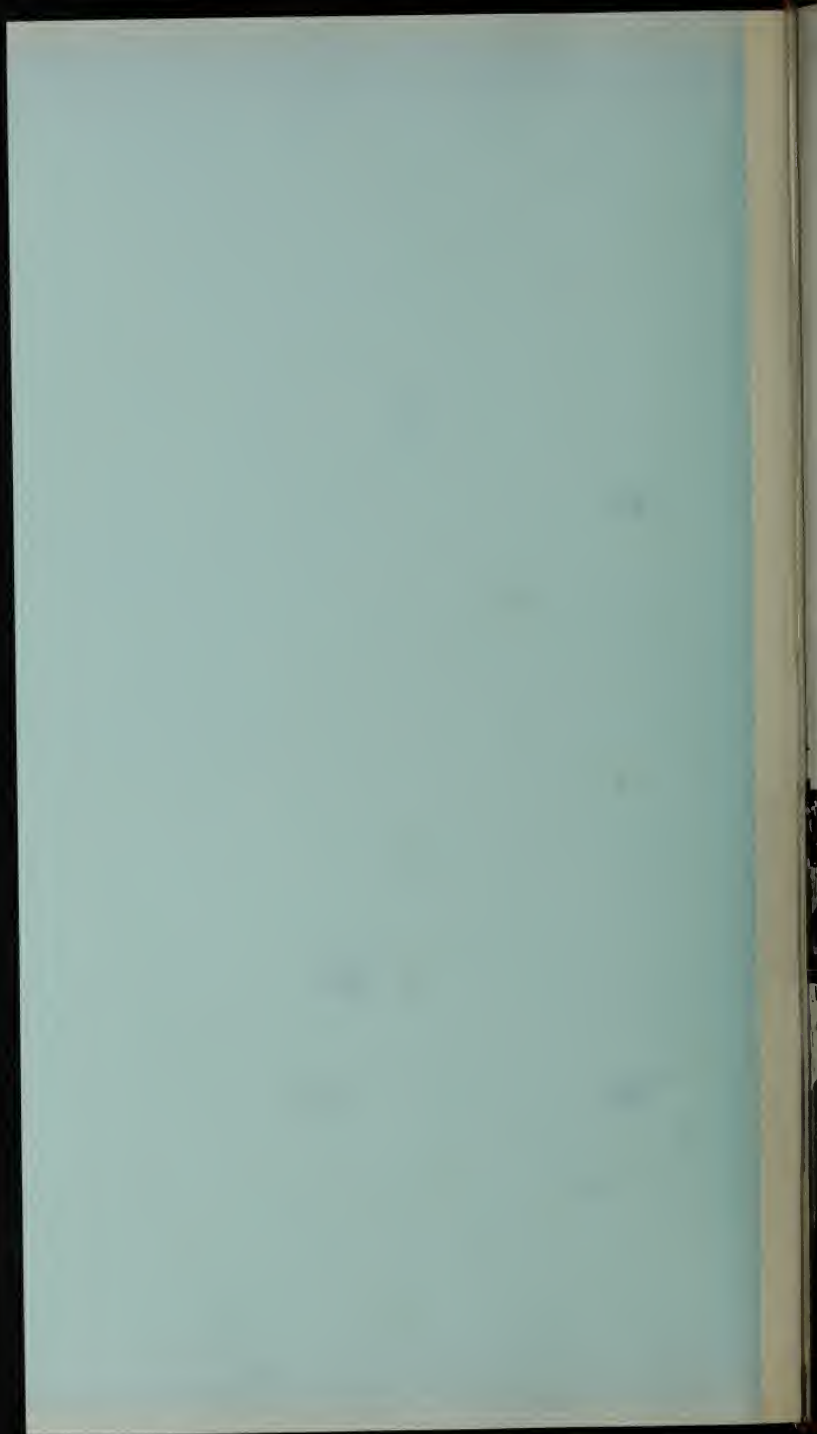
Rear Row, left to right: Chorlton, CD, Andrews, BC, O'Connell, RJ, Ayers, RD. Front Row, left to right: Ruest, PM, Butler, LW, Cull, GE, Fields, CL.

THIRD CLASS



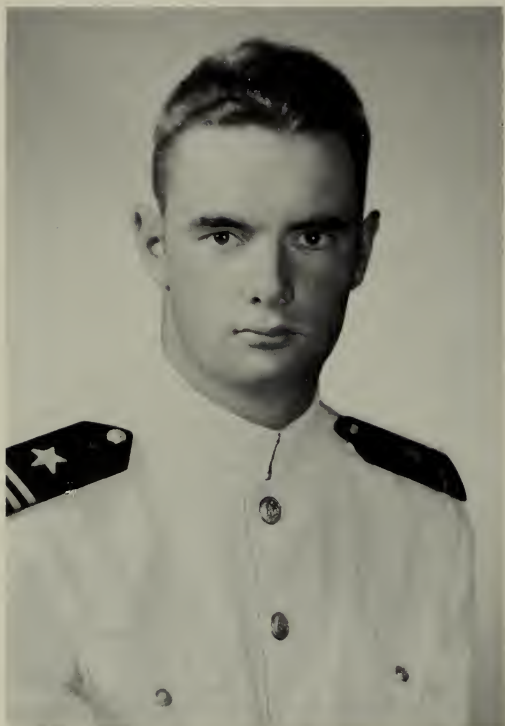
Rear Row, left to right: Collins, JF, Dauksevich, CL, Bresnahan, MJ, Loftus, JM, Flanagan, JT. Front Row, left to right: Arnett, RR, Hautanen, RW, Cutter, RH.







FIRST DIVISION



John K. Sweet Jr.

Cadet Lt. First Div.
Supper Club
Mathematical Circle
Intramural Softball
Horizontal Club

JOHN KENNETH SWEET
R.F.D. 1, Spring Rd.
Westboro, Mass.

Hank

Hank, our number one member of the Horizontal Club, was one of our more talented classmates. He was an accomplished pianist and an excellent poet, whose work entitled "Reilly's Rabelrouisers" will long be remembered by those involved. **Hank's** knowledge of seamanship and his personality, coupled with an almost perfect record, rated him as the man in First Division who has proved his ability many times over. Merchy bound, he will be assured of a prosperous and happy future.

Lawrence Meyer

Cadet Ensign
Intramural Softball
Foil and Saber Club
Pink Club
Hogan's Haven



LAWRENCE BROR MEYER
State Rd.
Edgartown, Mass.
Larry

Larry crossed the waters of Vinyard Sound and touched the mainland for a spell of three years. As a mathematical genius, he soon impressed us all with his knowledge. Larry kept his mouth shut except for one instance when he was quoted as saying, "Captain I was NOT watching television." An islander to the nth degree he got "one" in the First and thereby earned a bunk in Hogan's Haven. Continue on the same road and it will lead to a brilliant future, Larry, but don't forget M.M.A. (if that is possible).



Jack Aylmer

Music Appreciation Club
 Football 1, 2, 3 (?)
 Basketball 1, 2
 Baseball 1
 Intramural Softball
 Newman Club
 Propeller Club
 Track Team

JOHN FRANCIS AYLMEER

34 Second Ave.
 Centerville, Mass.

Goat

Goat wasn't at M.M.A. long before he found himself here, for some time, however, if it added any new grey hairs to his already greying cabozo it wasn't noticeable. Once that blessed day of being a first-job arrived Goat immediately started his campaign to improve the after berthing compartment's appreciation of music in which he was ably assisted by his brother bogger Chuck. Goats' famous trick on Sid proved to be worth 50, but Jack kept plugging as he will always do with great success.

Richard J. Greer

Class President
Track Team
Band
Honor Guard
Intramural Softball
Rowing Team
Propeller Club
Ring Committee



RICHARD J. GREER
33 Sharon Rd.
North Quincy, Mass.
Bacchus

Bacchus, the god of wine, earned early his nick-name as the peacoat locker proved to be his downfall in his youngie year. Dick is a vet who was out to show us "kids" how, and as our class leader, both as president and top man in marks he showed us well. **Dick, Griz, or Bacchus**, which ever you like, is one of North Quincy's great products. We hope that the times spent at the Ring Dance and beach parties will not be forgotten by him as they won't be forgotten by us. Lots of luck, Dick.



James J. Lynch III

Sunday Supper Club
Mathematical Circle
Music Appreciation Club
Newman Club
Propeller Club

JAMES JOSEPH LYNCH III
455 Pond St.
Jamaica Plain, Mass.
J.J.

To roughly quote Shakespeare: "The world is but a stage, and everyone on it is but an actor." Here is one of the greatest!!! J.J. is our own comedian, with a short-sleeved sheepskin vest and goatee, the man who M.C.'d our football rallies and put the audience in stitches with his renditions of "Victory at Sea" or with take-offs on the latest horror movies. Music and singing are his next love. Such an unforgettable "cool" voice, whether on the radio or on the sea-going punt as C.E. "He walks alone" with a sure step into a bright future.

Robert L. Stickney

Color Guard
Propeller Club
2240 Triumverate
Fan Club



ROBERT L. STICKNEY
3 Lowell St. Ct.
Lynn, Mass.

Stick, outspoken and extremely frank, was the tallest "deck-ape" in our class. His persistent voice and size caused many a youngie to look at him with awe, yet he concentrated on a certain few second-hackers. Bob fought the system to the very end, yet he should remember with chagrin the words of a happy commander inquiring about an impromptu choir. Stick is a "merchy-bum" all the way and he will go to the top once he starts. Hey Stick, home port still New Orleans?



Richard G. Weaver

Drill Squad
Honor Guard
Class Secretary
Track Team
Foil and Saber Club

RICHARD G. WEAVER
Miller St.
Middleboro, Mass.
Dick

Dick, quiet, conservative, and immensely popular, did what few others have done. He kept the same girl throughout his stay at M.M.A. Dick's cozy ways finally eluded him, especially while in dry dock in '56. However, he took the good with the bad and learned the rules verbatim. His trip to Maine for the game will long be remembered as an adventure extraordinary. His quick wit and helping ways make him a classmate we are proud to claim.

SECOND CLASS



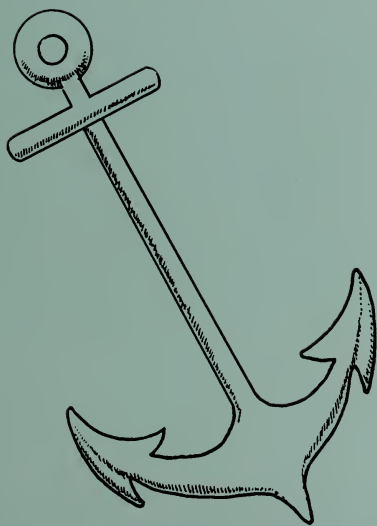
Rear Row, left to right: Collis, CD, Capelotti, ME, St. Pierre, HJ, Sinclair, DL. Front Row, left to right: Arsenault, RD, Donnellan, RI, Callahan, JP.

THIRD CLASS

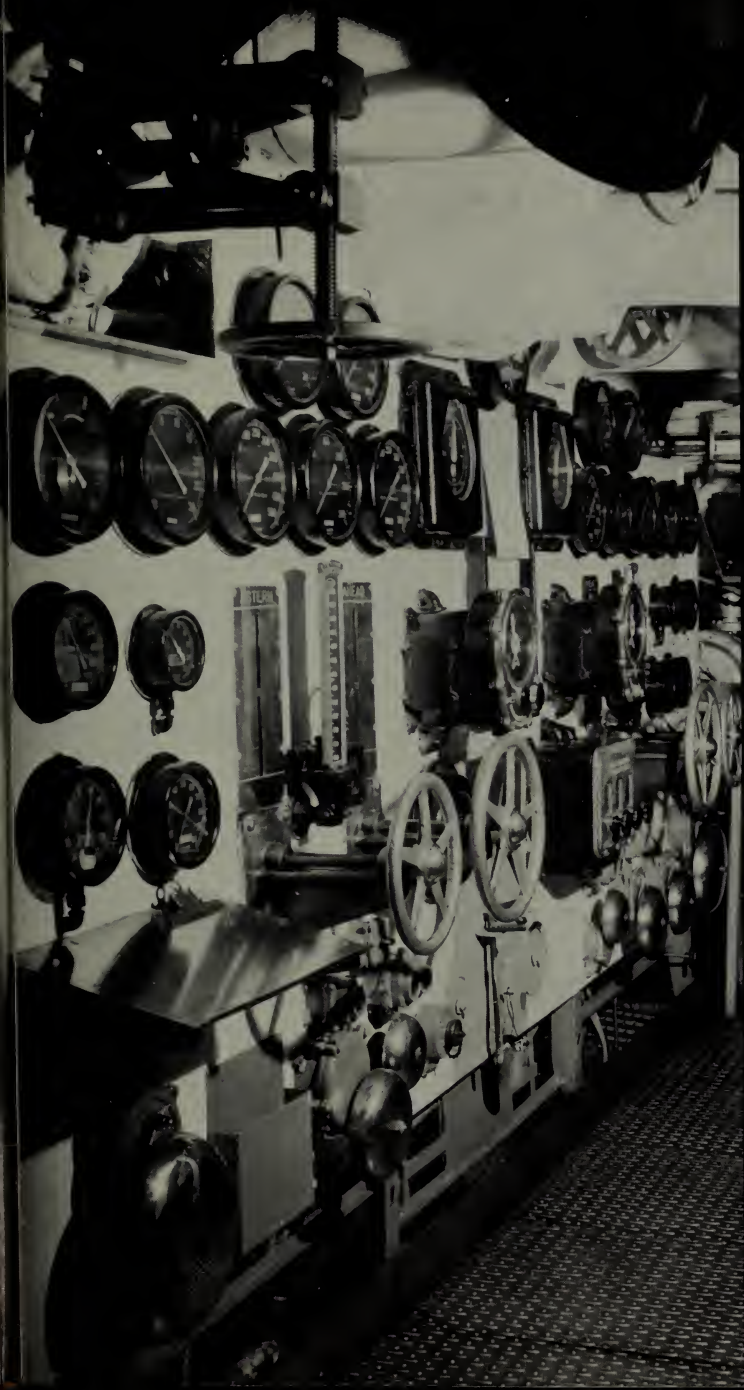


Rear Row, left to right: MacAulay, JM, MacKinnon, DO, Lee, RE, Lavender, RJ, MacGregor, DR, Moriarty, JA. Front Row, left to right: Metcalf, AG, Mann, TJ, Edson, JM.









MACHINERY DIVISION



Dave Freeman

Cadet Lt.
Football 1
Softball
Propeller Club
Century Club
20-20 Club

DAVID V. FREEMAN
32 Payson Ave.
Dorchester, Mass.
Freemonster

"Hola, Freeman!" comes the cry of many from outside the one-way abode on Tremont Street. This fugitive from the editor's desk of the Old Farmer's Almanac flew in with his chickens from three years at Stockbridge. He immediately tripped and went head-first down the midships hatch.

On many occasions Dave could be seen reeling around the compartments banging his head on the overhead. He was also 'way up in class standing, earning himself gold in Watch II.

He became one of the biggest tourists in the first class, with his camera constantly set at f11 at 1/50. Here's luck, Dave. Your head may be in the clouds, but your feet are firmly on the deck.

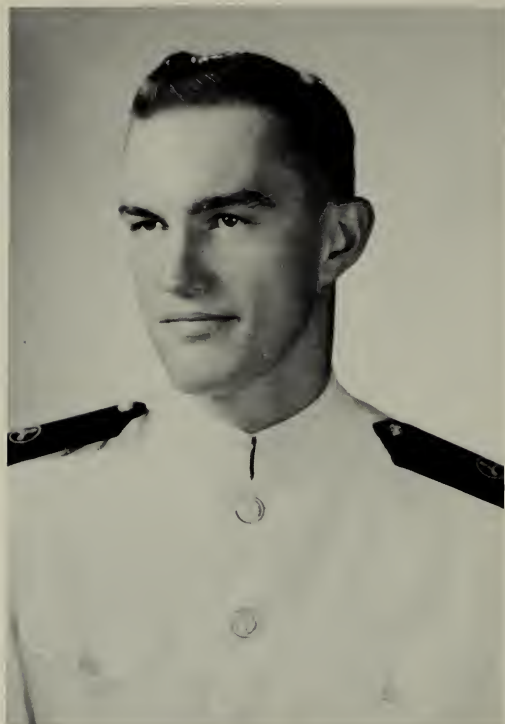
Hank Billings

Cadet Ensign
Baseball 1, 2, 3
Propeller Club
Section Leader 2
20-20 Club



HENRY CABOT BILLINGS
66 Birchcroft Rd.
Mattapan 26, Mass.

Naval Science's propaganda gift to the first class. "Sure I am gung-ho!!" **Hank**, an ardent fan of all school functions, made a bang up impression, on a certain door in the Sheraton Plaza. On top of his social activities, he ranks high scholastically. This earned him a rate in Watch II. A key man, (Babe Ruth style) as a catcher and long ball hitter, he supplied many runs for the Mariners score. Hank's sporting ability does not stop with baseball, however. He played on M.M.A.'s football team for a couple of seasons. Luck in every thing Ogive!



Richard J. Boles

20-20 Club
Propeller Club
Zero Sisters
Horizontal Club
Softball

RICHARD J. BOLES
Brookline, Mass.
Roach

Bolsamos, white dove of purity, father of Flaherty, son of Ferguson—what a triumvirate! This intelligent, righteous young man moved aft to join the boys from down below after a slight disagreement up forward. **Dick** was shuffled in with the cleaner-cut boys of Watch II and emerged as one of the best engineers aboard. His love for Youngies will ne'er be forgot: "There shall be an inferior race . . ."

Always on the move, **Roach** was one man never found in his bunk between 0601 and 2159, perhaps because he wanted to keep on the good side of his friend and companion, Sanford.

Buena suerte, **Bolsamos**.

Frederick M. Ferguson

Century Club (Vice-Pres.)
Propeller Club
Band



FREDERICK M. FERGUSON
27 Ellis Avenue
Whitman, Mass.
Fergster

Presenting—Fredster, younger half of the team of Fred and Frank, singing minstrels, whose favorite songs are: "South of the Border" (V.C. that is) and "We were only two boids in a gilded cage." The port aisle readily claimed this popular lad for their very own, much to the chagrin of the starboard faction. His great sense of humor has been the secret of his success here at M.M.A., endearing him even to the commissioners, who elected him to the vice-presidency of the Century Club. Instilled with an unusual interest in Spanish, Fred could frequently be found discussing this subject with Charlie, who would invariably refer him to case 1-50.



John J. Flaherty, Jr.

Century Club (Pres.)
Softball
Band
Propeller Club

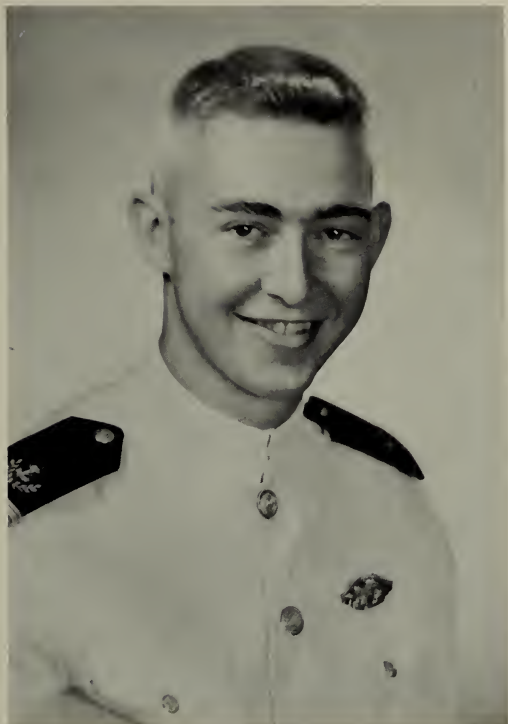
JOHN J. FLAHERTY, JR.
11 Hart St.
Brookline, Mass.
Frank

Crash! Once more Flaherty bites the dust—the only middle with more stitches than a baseball. Due to a misinterpretation of his motives, the Mexican government gave him a free night's lodging. All this was closely followed by some superb translation of the Spanish language by C.J., which boosted Frank to the presidency of the Century Club.

He too was the only Midshipman to hold the distinction of making the Marseilles 0200 liberty party in cravenette and skivvies. On the cruise, Frank could usually be found mornings recuperating in the dumb-waiter. Pity the poor soul who awakened him, for he was sure to be greeted by the crooked arm and a loud #¢@ . . . &%\$. . . *”@#\$\$%!!!

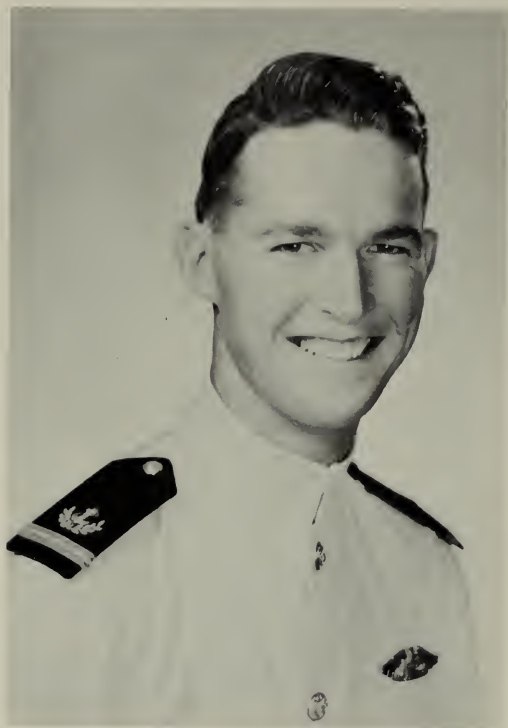
Forbes Graham

Class Treasurer
Ring Dance Committee
Ring Dance Honor Guard
Drill Squad
20-20 Club
Graduation Honor Guard
Softball



FORBES GRAHAM
5 Walker St.
Gloucester, Mass.
Guck

"They that go down to the sea in ships," send their descendants to M.M.A. and thus Guckly One arrived from Gloucester. As treasurer of our class, Forbes made several sacrifices for us; but then again we got him "deals" at the Sheraton Plaza. Forbes will long remember "the 33 steps of St. Thomas"—what a way to start a cruise. Few of us who attended will ever forget the party at Guck's—the year before the Big One. Good luck in years to come, Forbes, but stay away from Norman's Woe.



Lincoln M. Kennedy

Co-editor Muster
Ring Dance Committee
(Chairman)
Propeller Club
Dance Committee
Softball
Football Mgr. 1, 2, 3 (?)
Supper Club

LINCOLN MITCHELL KENNEDY
174 Mylod St.
Walpole, Mass.

Seen bounding here and there rigging a deal for somebody on the Yearbook Staff or Ring Dance Committee, Linc trailed behind him this familiar cry: "Now look, you guys, do you want a yearbook or not?" or "How should I know where the ring is? You took it down."

Linc will be fondly remembered for the "goodies" his kindly old "grandmother" always stored in his bottom locker. He was named best man in the class by a flip of a coin. He'll come close to being best man anywhere.

Russell H. Persson

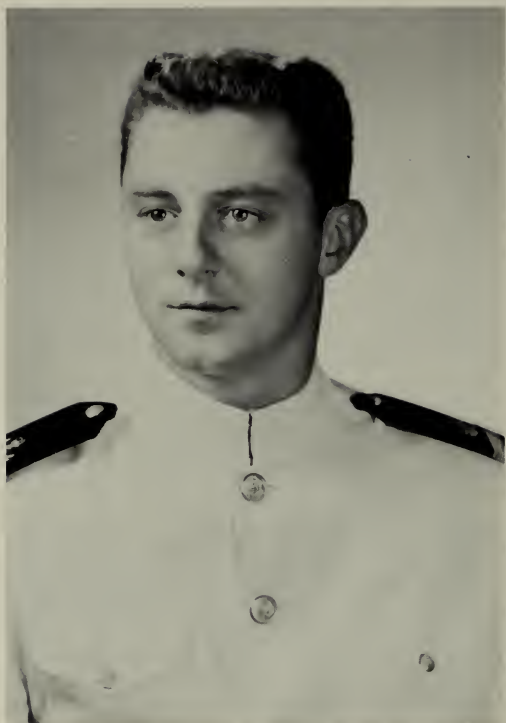
Softball
Two Cruiser Club
Propeller Club
2115 Club



RUSSELL H. PERSSON
29 Ball St.
Worcester, Mass.
Fierce Pierce

"Now wait a minute." This is Russ, Fierce Pierce, Strange Terribleness, and many similar synonyms. The result: out of a cloud of dog sounds will drop our fair-haired boy clutching his slipstick. Many a "goodie" run was undertaken in his hot red sports car with the outcome inevitable, large ideas and small capacity mixing poorly.

Providing he finds out which El is which and goes back to pay Dumie, his future looks bright.



Thomas E. Quinlan

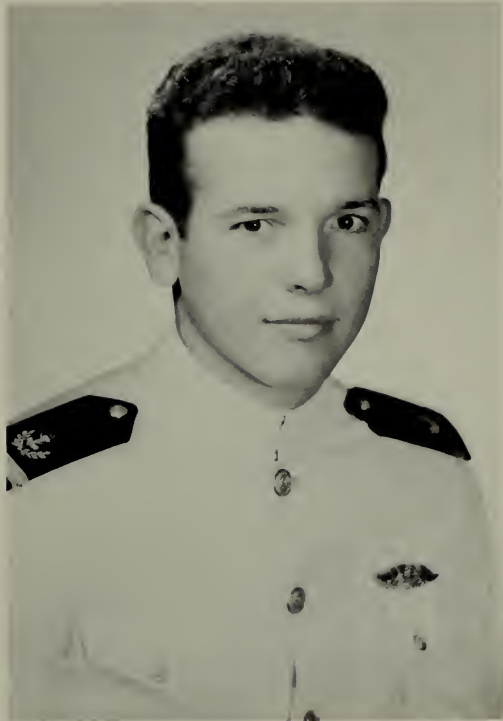
Softball
Ring Dance Honor Guard
20-20 Club
Newman Club
Class of '55
Glee Club

THOMAS E. QUINLAN
Oakley Rd.
Dover, Mass.
Tom

Tom originally came to M.M.A. after three years at B.C.; he gave up the idea of being a teacher for the far more romantic life of the sea. Half way through his second job year Uncle Sam decided he had need for **Tom** and shipped him off to Korea as an M.P. He joined the Class of '57 in January of 1956. Upon entering a strange class, he immediately made many friends with his quick wit and easy going manner. As an upper job, he could almost always be found in the port aisle with his guitar singing up a storm with Herman and the rest of the swinging group.

Joseph F. Walsh

Ring Dance Committee
Football 1, 2, 3, (?)
Newman Club
Rowing Team
Softball



JOSEPH F. WALSH
2 Pleasant Street
Dorchester, Mass.
Joe

"Yah, Fazo, Meatsa, Lefty, and me went ta' Englishes' Saturday nite." Yes, Joe is from Dorchester carrying on the tradition. Joes reason for slow movement is not that he's lazy—just "consoiving." Had M.M.A. not given up football, Joe truly would have proved his athletic prowess. Instead he took over Won Sing's Laundry and ran it very proficiently. Ask Commander Rounds. Joe will never forget (or is it remember) the night of 15 September 1956. It broke Joe's heart when Tom and Bobby left. To just about the most well liked guy at M.M.A. goes some advice—Slow down Joe, huh?

SECOND CLASS

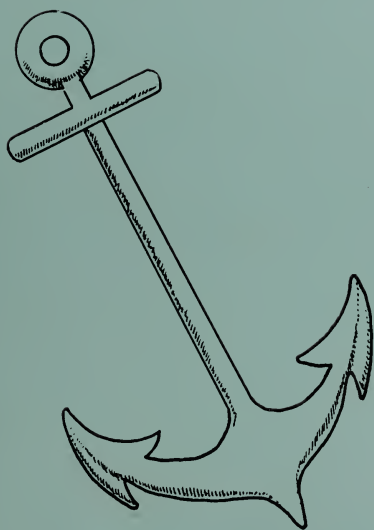


Rear Row, left to right: Fermodig, Foss, McDonough, Salley. Front Row, left to right: McCulloch, Goodwin, Keane.

THIRD CLASS



Rear Row, left to right: Joyce, CM, Johnston, FX, Colomb, WA, Atwood. BM. Front Row, left to right: Donnell, WC, Butler, GD, Boyson, AR.







SECOND DIVISION



Carl E. Megonigle

Track Team
Propeller Club
Keeper of the Keys
Fan Club
Intramural Softball

CARL EARL MEGONIGLE
117 Bartlett St.
Erlanger, Kentucky
Meg

Carl came up to yankee territory after three years at Admiral Farragut. After three more years at M.M.A. he still fought the Civil War. In fact, he fought it more avidly than when he arrived. The navy is getting our best prospect when **Meg** enters; however, until then, with car keys and others jingling, **Meg** and **Rils** will leave for coffee at 1630 and have a short chat with Ernie. Second Division will miss their rebel leader, as will the rest of us.

Donald F. Hogan

Cadet Ensign
Mathematical Circle
Ring Committee Chairman
Honor Guard
Coxswain Rowing Team
Band
Social Fund Chairman
2240 Triumverate



DONALD FRANCIS HOGAN

34 West Vale Rd.
Medford, Mass.

Ben

Not a golfer by trade but famous in his own right, **Ben** coxswained a victorious second class rowing crew to fame and infamy. **Ben** should also be called "the promoter" for all his many stunts will not easily be forgotten. After all, "Apple juice is thicker than water." We shall little note nor long remember what we say here, but we shall never forget what they sang here are famous words from Maestro Hogan himself. **Ben's** Physterious quest for medical knowledge finally led him to the front door of many a nursing home and floating hospital. We all wish **Ben** luck in, his first port of call, matrimony.



Edward L. Ascolillo

Glee Club
Drill Team
Muster Staff
Newman Club
Music Appreciation Club
Propeller Club

EDWARD L. ASCOLILLO
119 Cornell St.
Roslindale 31, Mass.
Bomb Tosser

Eddie—equally known as the **Bomb Tosser**—arrived in Buzzards Bay and soon let it be known that he was not 100% Italian but had some of that old country Irish blood in him. Ed's youngie duties as section leader may have caused him some grey hairs, but it also picked him up some demerits. His curly locks caused him much good-natured riding and a nickname that he would rather forget; but none of us will forget the genial, party loving **Roslindale Terror**.

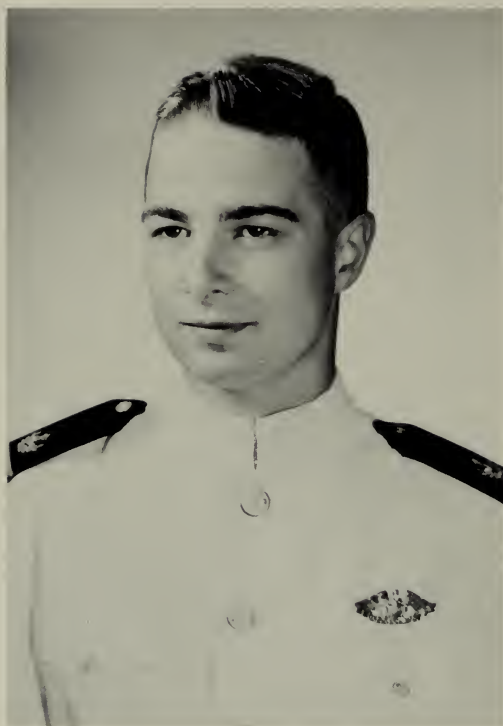
Chuck Broadbent

Track Team
Intramural Softball
Band Master
Drum Major
Century Club
Music Appreciation Club



CHARLES W. BROADBENT III
Bay Lane, Centerville, Mass.
Shiftless Skonk

A product of Valley Forge Military Academy, C. W. The Third, arrived with a store of wild stories of Cape Cod during the summer. After some of the **Shiftless Skonk's** beach parties at Sandy Neck we all agreed that maybe his stories weren't so wild. Under his able guidance our band flourished and provided us with many an enjoyable evening's entertainment. There seemed to be some avid rivalry between **Teddy P** and **Chuck** over the size of a certain piece of anatomy, but the **Shiftless Skonk** came out ahead as he always will in the future.



Duane E. Drohan

Glee Club
Drill Squad
Music Appreciation Club
Propeller Club
Newman Club
Two Cruiser Club
Fan Club

DUANE E. DROHAN
38 Tempelton St.
Dorchester, Mass.

From up Brockton and later Dorchester way came the only person to be the living example of John Wayne's movie "The Quiet Man." It took many of his classmates until cruise time to get to know who he was but once the word was out that "Drohan was going to miss the cruise," he came into the spotlight. Always the first in his bunk he never failed as a first job to be heard to say "Riley turn off the light and shut-up." Good luck in future "D" and don't give up the ship.

Joseph F. Lach

Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Music Appreciation Club
Debating Society



JOSEPH LACH
Dartmouth, Mass.
Joe

What Joe lacked in size he more than made up in noise, entering M.M.A. after a tour in J-Pan and Ko-Rea toting a Remington typewriter. Joe was forever looking for something that he misplaced. It is a wonder that he ever found M.M.A. after his first weekend home. Within a week of First Job life Joe was hoarse from screaming "Young Man." Joe is U.S.M.S.-bound with a goal to make, so good luck Joe. However, please don't lose your ship!



Russell L. Manning

Track Team
Honor Guard
Sunday Supper Club
Newman Club
Propeller Club

RUSSELL L. MANNING
744 Washington Street
South Easton, Mass.
Tiger

Russ, a track speedster, ran into a stiff headwind at MMA. It slowed him down a bit but he is still a member of the Class of '57. The **Tiger** showed his speed over and over again and his rendition of the Charleston to the music of MMA's own was one that commands recognition. Russ is another of the party loving MMAers and attended all the social functions while on liberty and then a few more. However, those times are in the past and a very pleasant and successful future lies ahead. Good luck, **Tiger**.

Bo Taylor

Muster Staff
Propeller Club
Horizontal Club
Bridge Club
Pink Club



ROBERT K. TAYLOR
Box 537, Main St.
So. Lancaster, Mass.
Bo

Bo, the fairhaired member of our class, was one who came to MMA after spending a year in college. Ivy League, plus more, he got his first command with J J as his Chief Engineer. Always one to attend a party he made most of them and managed to sandwich many trips to U. of Mass. into his crowded calendar. Bo is another of our classmates who is U. S. Navy bound and his successful future is assured as his determination to succeed is unsurpassed.

SECOND CLASS

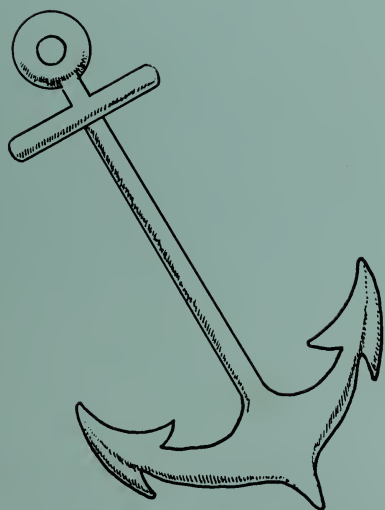


Rear Row, left to right: Dalton, JW, McCormick, GJ, Mason, RF, Dowd, JE, Petit, NA. Front Row, left to right: Bradley, J, Dill, EA, Flynn, RA, Dunne, JB.

THIRD CLASS



Rear Row, left to right: Pike, LJ, Ryder, DA, Murray, PC, Kadlac, DE. Front Row, left to right: Rodes, MJ, Rodes, T, Housman, RD.







ELECTRICAL DIVISION



Roy C. Lopaus

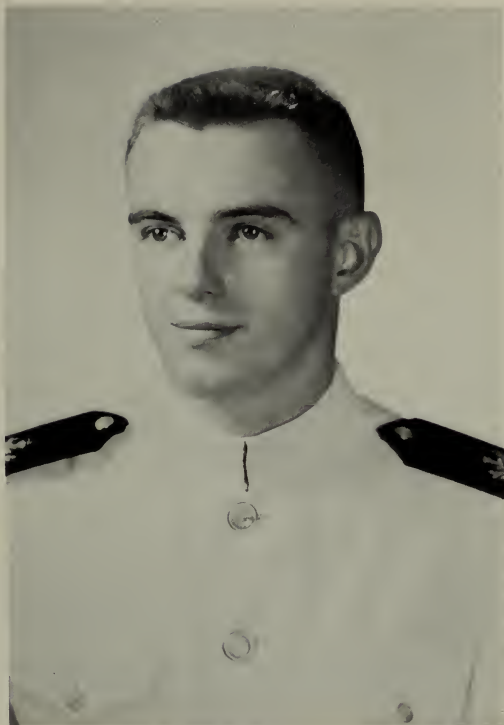
Band 1, 2
Softball
Cadet Lt.
Propeller Club
20-20 Club

ROY C. LOPAUS, JR.
49 Ocean Avenue
North Weymouth, Mass.
Stump

Stump arrived here fresh from five years in the Navy to become one of those 1108 merchy tramps. Being one of the older members he joined forces with the Air Forces contribution to M.M.A. as the father confessors of the class. **Mr. Shorty** was always one for the finer points of life no matter where the Charleston happened to put into port. He became the big man in **Hank's** "E" division and ruled with an iron hand over all. Despite the shortness in height we are sure that Roy will do "big" things in the future.

Peter M. Sullivan

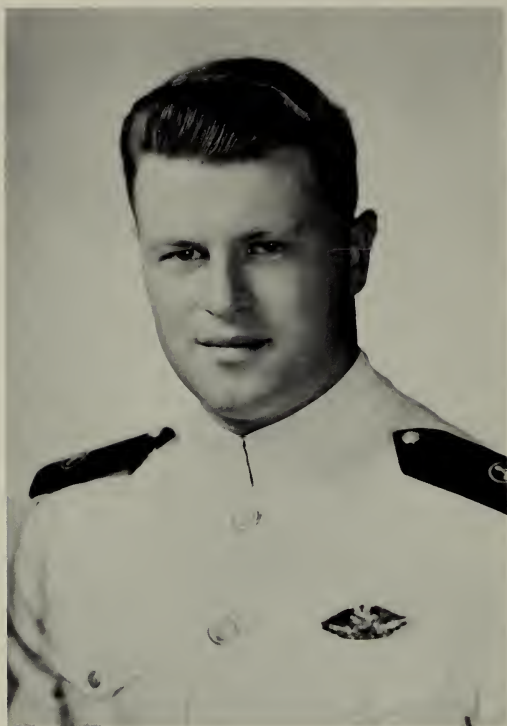
Softball
Football 1, 2
20-20 Club
Propeller Club
Cadet Ensign



PETER M. SULLIVAN
41 Bogardale Road
West Roxbury, Mass.

Sully left his corner in West Roxbury long enough to stamp his impression on M.M.A. Although lacking in stature, he made up for his small size by a large voice. It seemed as if no argument, discussion, or bull session could take place without Sully's saying: "Naw, you guys are all wrong. Let me set you straight on this set-up." Most of the time he was right!

His ambition in life is to grow up into a six-footer and to get back to his corner on the square.



Arthur J. Christie

Softball
Newman Club
Ring Dance Committee
Glee Club

ARTHUR JAMES CHRISTIE
7 Grasshopper Lane
North Scituate, Mass.
Diamond Jim

M.M.A. may well be called a melting pot for many types of people. Newton, Mass., helped this adage come true by sending us a diamond studded clarinet player not to be confused with Woody Herman. When **Diamond Jim** was not blowing up a storm, he could be found in the starboard aisle telling of his many world wide adventures—perhaps a bit exaggerated but, nevertheless different, to say the least! Jim will never forget Maderia as a great port of fine wine and great pleasure.

James J. McCarthy

Ring Dance Committee
Ring Committee
Newman Club
Entertainment Committee
Softball
20-20 Club
Propeller Club
Marinaires



JAMES J. McCARTHY
14 West Tremlett St.
Dorchester, Mass.

Jim's golden Irish tenor voice was soon discovered as a young man, and he supplied lots of good Irish songs for our football rallies. When the Marinaires came into being Jimmy was able to spread his talent around outside the school. Before coming to our alma mater he spent a while singing in some of the night spots around Boston. With his love for music and engineering ability, he will go a long way.



John J. McGrath

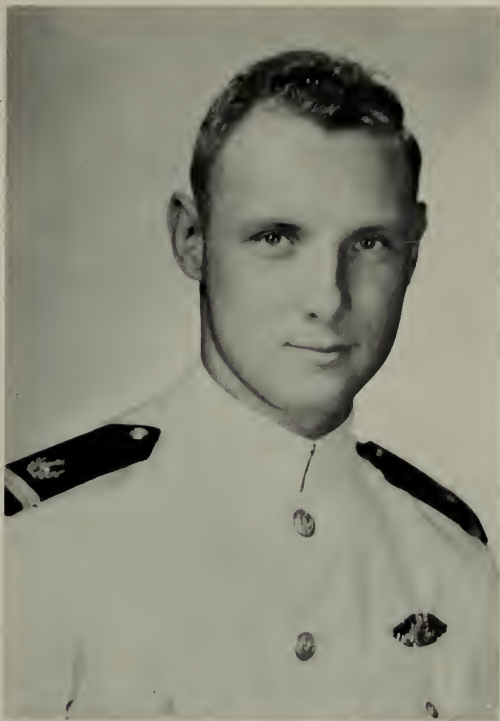
Graduation Honor Guard
Softball
Muster Staff
Newman Club

JOHN JOSEPH McGRATH
23 Davis Court
Concord, Mass.
Mac

Concord, Mass., has many claims to fame, but perhaps one of the most overlooked contributions was one given to M.M.A. Ole Nashua, it seems that this port aisle derelict has characteristics pertaining to a certain an-i-mal! **Herman** contributed a lot to our meek gathering. **Swaps** will never forget Ahmed and vice versa. Nor shall we, in future years, thinking back on our lives here, forget to include John in those recollections. The best of luck to a swell guy whose ancestor was a strong supporter for Paul Revere.

James E. McKenna

Softball
Propeller Club
Football 2
Track Team
20-20 Club
Club 49



JAMES EDWARD McKENNA
Walnut Street
Halifax, Mass.
Rod

"What, me, now? Gee oh golly gosh, but I didn't know you meant me." Rodney's intricate knowledge of all types and manner of engines was the basis for many arguments with Mr. Crosby. Mac's has an aversion to sea sickness, and almost anytime on the cruise he could be seen with a bucket close by. He too, was almost in constant attendance in G.P.C.'s classes on "Sea Sickness is All in the Mind." You don't get air sick do you? Luck in the future, Flyboy.



William J. Reid Jr.

Graduation Honor Guard
 Propeller Club
 Glee Club
 Century Club
 Rowing Team
 Football 1, 2

WILLIAM J. REID
 23 Stockbridge St.
 Cohasset, Mass.

Willie

Willie left his house half-awake and feeling ill one morning and went for a ride to clear his head. Before he fully awoke, he arrived in our midst at the Gulch. Blee was a cozy young man who enjoyed trading over the side and who also became a charter member of the Century Club. One of the more active Port Aisle Puppets, Bill was a great liberty man, (think he wasn't?), one of the most liked in our class, and one of the partiest party goers. Smooth sailing, Blee.

Frank C. Southworth

Muster Staff
Basketball
Ring Committee
Newman Club
Century Club



FRANK C. SOUTHWORTH, JR.
89 Green St.
Marblehead, Mass.
Hound

Marblehead's salty gift to M.M.A., Frank boarded our stout vessel with the look of an experienced sailor. His sea stories soon made him a friend to all. He was shocked when he found out that bermudas and white sneakers weren't uniform.

But Hound's greatest shock came when he was granted the right to inscribe "Century Club" on his beer mug. In years to come, we expect to see **The Hound** as the new heavy-weight champion of Marseilles.



Edward F. Spillane

Century Club
Propeller Club
Newman Club
Drill Squad 1
Track Team
Graduation Honor Guard

EDWARD FREDERICK SPILLANE
25 Indian Neck Road
Wareham, Mass.
Mickey

Mick the Ripper was another one of those middies we call "semi-boggers," for he came to us from the nearby town of Wareham. **Mickey** was one of the frigid commander's prize which made up glorious Watch III. For some strange reason, when Mickey became an upper classman he had all of the youngies searching the ship for nails. That wasn't bad, but when they began to return with a silver spike he was ripping. Although he never seemed to be able to stay out of hot water he will be remembered as one of the more fun loving members of the class. Luck in the future **Ripper**.

Harold L. Task

Ring Dance Committee
Football
Century Club
Softball
Band
Propeller Club



HAROLD LEWIS TASK
39 Maxwell St.
Dorchester, Mass.
Hershel

"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here—" but M.M.A. will never forget what he did here.

"Something cheap—anything—I can get it for you wholesale. See me first." Harold soon made an everlasting impression on the class and the school with a total far above all previous marks in anything, so it would seem. This title is of course of somewhat dubious worth, but nevertheless it stands above all.

Hershel, old boy, if you can set one record you can set others.

SECOND CLASS

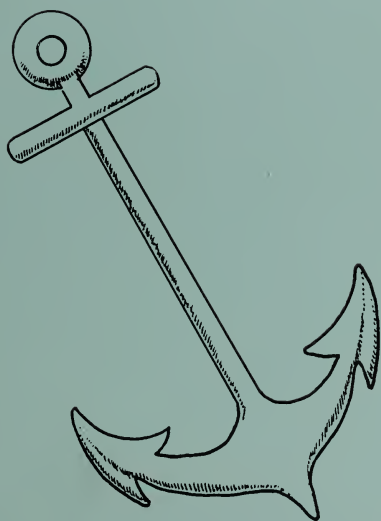


Rear Row, left to right: Washburn, FB, Sullivan, DJ, Harrington, PD, Shannon, DJ. Front Row, left to right: Meyer, KL, Morison, AM.

THIRD CLASS



Rear Row, left to right: Fuller, JM, Dunphy, JJ, Litchfield, RW, Rehfield, AWJ. Front Row, left to right: Casey, RJ, Shay, ET, Litchfield, RA.







THIRD DIVISION



Robert C. Roffey Jr.

Third Division Lt.
Golf Team
Intramural Softball
Track Team
Keeper of the Doves
Drill Team
Honor Guard

ROBERT CAMERON ROFFEY, JR.
3 Summit Ave.
Rockport, Mass.
Rof

Rof, Gloucester High football team's staunchest supporter via the town of Rockport, kept his mouth shut and his nose clean. This earned him two stripes in Third Division. As a pigeon fancier, he avidly pursued his hobby on the second job cruise feeding them in the for'd showers. Right, Sid? Ridden considerably over his ruddy complexion, **Rof**, always had an answer and was seldom outdone. Best of luck, **Rof**, both now and in the future.

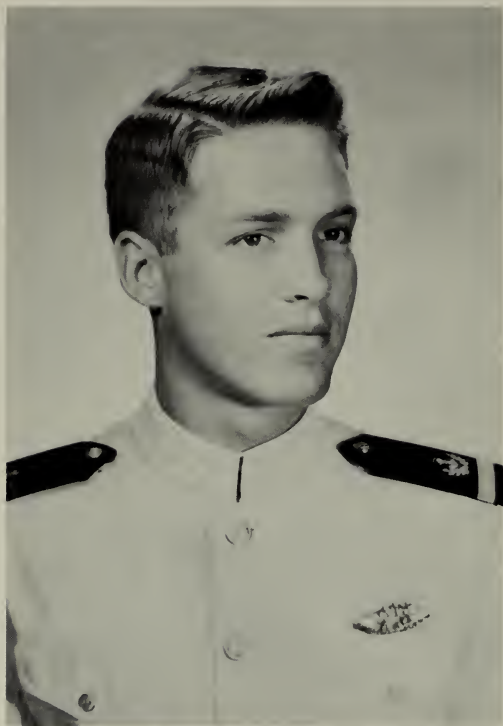
Robert K. Reilly

Cadet Ensign
Drill Squad
Ring Dance Committee
Foil and Saber Club



ROBERT K. REILLY
87 Billings St.
Sharon, Mass.
Black Rils

Black Rils, the original Reilly in our class, tramped his way off the reservation at Sharon and navigated his way to Buzzards Bay. It seems that during his youngie year he "lost a pair of sheets" and had to see the Captain, however, he weathered the storm. Almost two years later a surprise visit by a certain ship's officer to Hogan's Haven, left him shaken but still with one stripe intact. All the drag aside, Black Rils and his dry sense of humor rate all the breaks.



Robert D. Brown

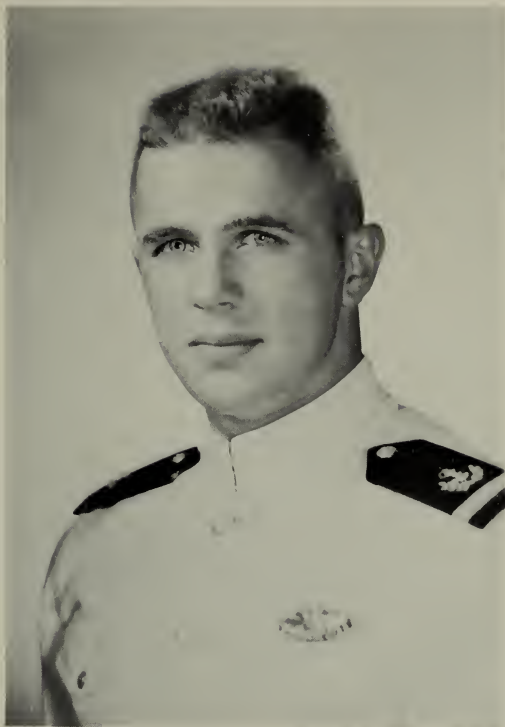
Intramural Softball
Rowing Team
Mathematical Circle
Music Appreciation Club
Propeller Club

ROBERT D. BROWN
Pine Ridge Lane
Orleans, Mass.
Boonya

Boonya B., from way down the road, will long be remembered for his signaling eyelids and complete mastery of the guitar. Most every afternoon **Boonya** and his guitar could be found in "Hogan's Haven" where he and **J J** rendered us with harmonious chords of a song. Always a party goer, **Ted** forever had a system, may it be for a beach party or how to get Sid. Quadratics and Mr. Harrington seemed to disagree with **R. D.**, but he went on his way and will continue to a very successful future.

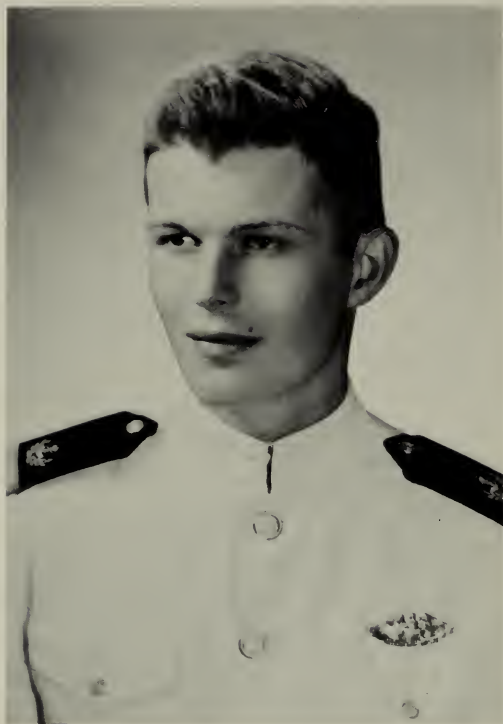
David J. Lacaire

Ring Dance Committee
Track Team
Ring Dance Honor Guard
Newman Club
Propeller Club



DAVID JOSEPH LACAIRE
3 Summer Ave.
Spencer, Mass.
Frenchie

M.M.A.'s "Joe College plus" arrived in the person of D. J., and his feminine followers swamped him with mail. Dave's buddy Ed took care of him as a youngie, or tried to. Frenchie put up with much rough and biting drag yet managed to control himself. Let a jet whoosh by and Dave would break a leg to get to the window. It's Pensacola or bust for the personable Frenchman and we know that after three years at M.M.A. Dave will never bust. Good luck and keep those wings trim!



Peter F. Readell

Co-Editor Muster
Ring Dance Committee
Mgr. Football, Baseball
Track Team
Two-Cruiser Club
2240 Triumverate
Intramural Softball

PETER FISH READEL
1873 Washington St.
So. Walpole, Mass.
Pete

Fresh out of Walpole High School **Pete** trudged his way to Cape Cod's College of Nautical Knowledge. **Pete** rose quickly in life, becoming one of "Hop's" boys, then just as quickly found himself a peon again. Recovering from this blow, he fought his way into a B.M.H. while his classmates went to the Med. Returning to M.M.A. he distinguished himself in a community sing at Hogan's Haven that left feathers scattered throughout the compartment. At last **Pete** reached the top. On the trip back from dry dock he became the third "Rils" in Third Division. We know that **Pete** will find the same success in life that he found at M.M.A.

Robert E. Riley

Keeper of the Keys
Fan Club
Newman Club
Two Cruiser Club
Supply Officer
Keenan's Corner
Pink Club



ROBERT EDWARD RILEY
103 Waterston Ave.
Wallaston 70, Mass.
Howdy

Howdy Doody, or **Red Rils**, as he was known, came to M.M.A. after a couple of months at the Coast Guard Academy in New London. His older brother Frank looked after him for his first few months until **Red** knew the ropes and then **Red** played by the game by himself. **Red's** daily coffee runs have kept many happy and his roach killing abilities, with his exterminator buddy **Meg**, are unexcelled. To **Red**, another member of the two cruisers, we extend our best.



Robert E. Strautman

Ring Dance Committee
Intramural Softball
Track Team
Fencing
Drill Team
Honor Guard

ROBERT ERNEST STRAUTMAN
30 Linnway St.
So. Weymouth, Mass.
Spook

Spook, so white he's almost transparent, spent his youngie year going into and coming out of sickbay. Spread through three years at M.M.A. were several parties at the **Spookmans** for which we, as a class, give our deepest thanks. Bob proved to be a regular sack rat his upper job year although he did extend himself to be a mainstay on our infant but winning track team. His well stocked barn should keep **Spook** well occupied, but if the future is as bright as he deserves he will never have to look at it.

SECOND CLASS



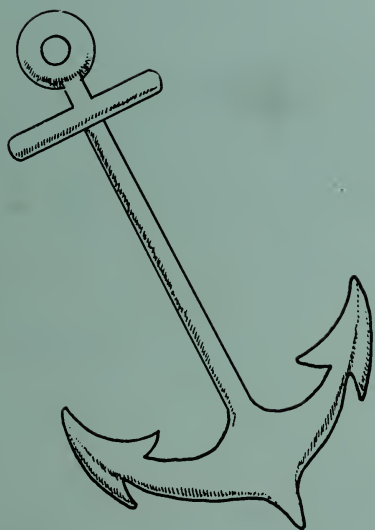
Rear Row, left to right: Perrotti, MV, Kenney, WH, Schofield, AR, O'Neil, JM. Front Row, left to right: Polletta, MP, Knight, RL, Fisher, KH.

THIRD CLASS

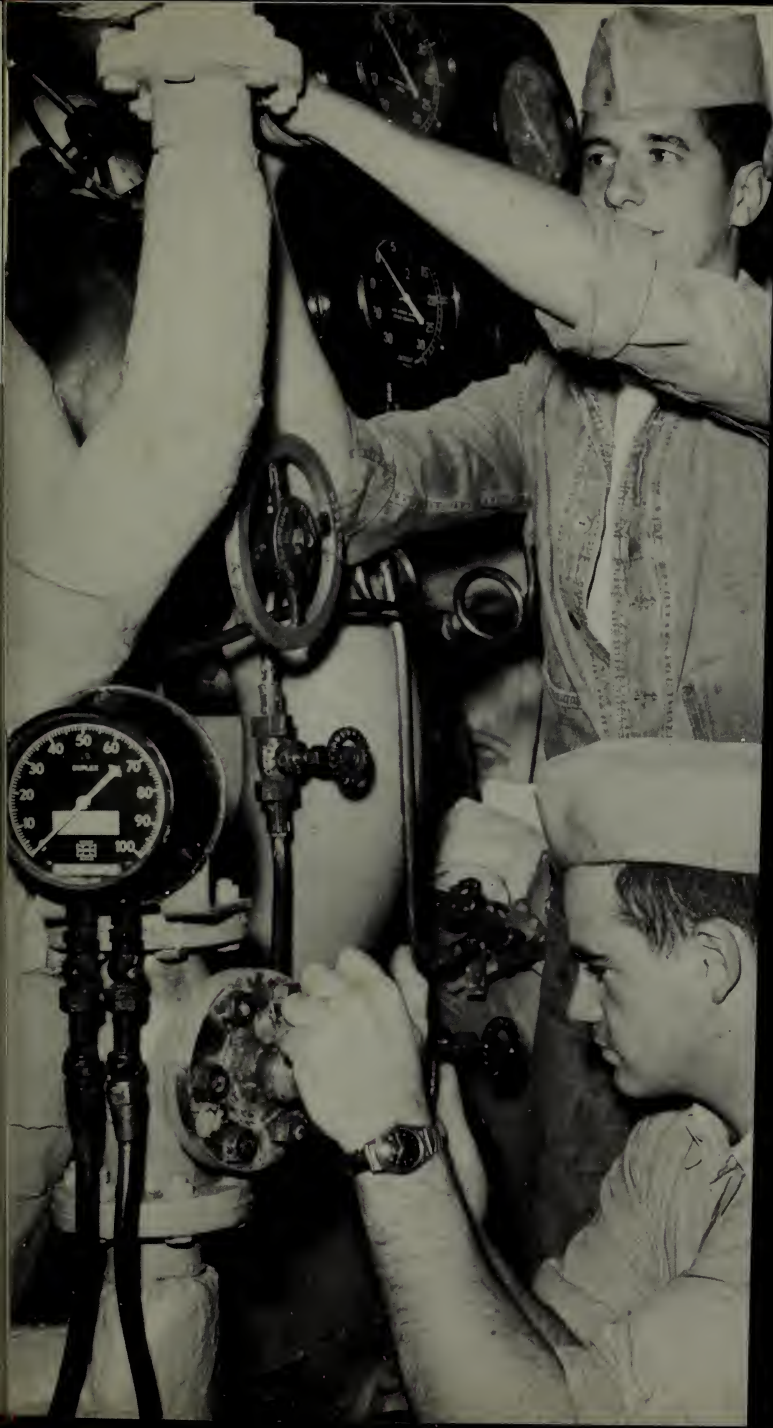


Rear Row, left to right: Webb, WRL, Sarnie, RW, Horgan, JJ, Whelahan, AM, Wilson, AB, Fitzgerald, MEC, Wesgate, GA. Front Row, left to right: Troungo, GR, Woodside, RDR, Nolan, JS, Sweet, CJ.









AUXILIARY DIVISION



Dexter H. Koopman

Cadet Lt.
Band
Marinares
Propeller Club (Pres.)
Glee Club

DEXTER H. KOOPMAN
15 Ocean Ave.
N. Weymouth, Mass.
Dunster

"Yahoo! It's me—**Dunster the Funster.**" A gay dog from Weymouth howled his way aboard in '54 and took his place in The Cage. Jake was soon seen in the Number One rank of the M.M.A. Marching Band and because of his musical ability was a nightly entertainer in the Port Aisle. Our "New Boy" became the backbone of good nature about the vessel. Maybe the following will have pleasant memories for the **Golden Dunster**: Green Gables . . . "I'm in Madeira" . . . "Let's go to Boston" . . . Trinidad . . . "King Spud."

We know the Man of Many Faces and stories will go on to success after leaving the College of Nautical Knowledge.

John R. O'Connell

Softball
Zero Sisters
20-20 Club
Cadet Ensign



JOHN R. O'CONNELL
31 Appleton St.
Salem, Mass.
Oakie

Oakie came to Buzzards Gulch fresh from four years in the U. S. Navy. Soon after arrival he was not sure if he liked this place or not! Many times he could be found reminiscing with Mr. H. about the old days in Salem. Because of his sometimes weebegotten looks he assumed the name of the **Poor Soul**, while his studious manner earned him a rate in "A" division John accomplished a great feat in his three years here; he kept the same girl. Luck to you in the future, Plumber.



Giulio P. Cialdea

Baseball 1, 2
Softball
Glee Club (Pres.)
Supper Club
Propeller Club

GIULIO PETER CIALDEA
100 Bellevue St.
Newton 58, Mass.
Charlie

Cialdemos—Shrinker of many T.V. tubes is an electronic genius who can't see any feasible reason at all for females. Charlie made his start at M.M.A. in the deck department, but was one of those who saw the light and became an engineer. Often on the cruise you would run across him lecturing many sea sick classmates on: "Sea sickness is all in the mind." Charlie is M.M.A.'s answer to Fred Waring; he had a large part in the organization of our newly formed glee club. Best of luck in all that you undertake.

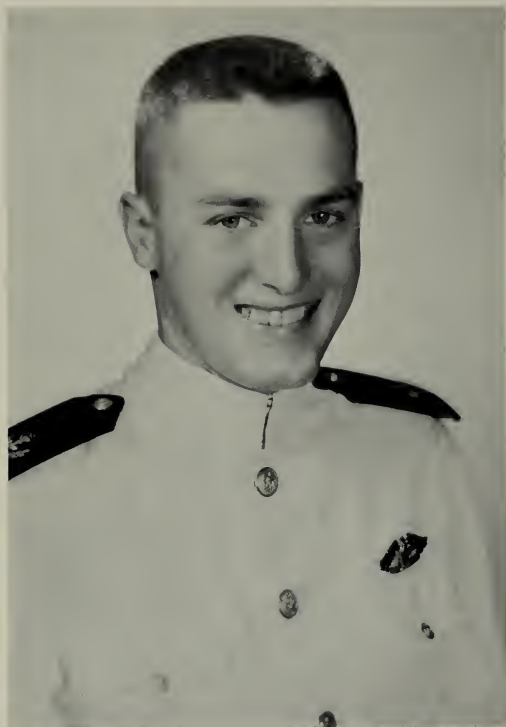
Joe Fee

Supper Club
Newman Club
Century Club
Propeller Club



JOSEPH ROBERT FEE
38 Crow Point Lane
Hingham, Mass.

Joe came to us along with a couple of class mates from Hingham. It was not long however, before it was noticed that he was different. He seemed to have developed an almost uncanny ability to get his hand into anything going on in the engineering department, and come out with a precise knowledge of it. He joined forces with George, and together they made an almost inseparable pair. Who knows how true the "getta bigger wrench" routine was, but what ever it was it worked. Pogo his name sake would have been proud of you, luck Joe.



James M. McCluskey

Drill Team
Graduation Honor Guard
Propeller Club
Softball
Newman Club

JAMES M. McCLUSKEY
21 Withington St.
Dorchester, Mass.
Jim

With his diploma from Dorchester High tucked under one arm and an autographed edition of "The Purple Shamrock" under the other His Honor James Michael McCluskey entered M.M.A. To his dismay, he found himself taking deck subjects. But the engineering department soon found out what they were missing and transferred him to the Engineering department. **Jimmy's** charm and personal magnetism will carry him a long way. He will go down as one of the best party men at M.M.A.

Joseph L. McCluskey

Ring Dance Committee
Newman Club
Softball
Drill Squad
Propeller Club



JOSEPH LEO McCLUSKEY
21 Withington St.
Dorchester, Mass.
Arrogance

One fine morning in August, 1954, Joe woke up for dinner and found himself a crew-member of the Mighty CHN. Staggering sidewise down the finger pier, he was immediately branded "the arrogant one."

We can never thank **Joe** enough for carrying us all through Steam Eng. and Ships Co. Who wants to join a refreshment committee? Who, me? Restricted?

Many a dawn **Joe** could be found speeding south on route 26 after a hard night in the Blue Hills. He will always be remembered for his friendly manner and his winning way with the women.



Eugene D. Mirabello

Baseball 1, 2, 3
Newman Club
20-20 Club
Softball

EUGENE D. MIRABELLO
58 Winter St.
Arlington, Mass.
Mario

Mario as a young man spent too much time in hot water under the particular wrath of a couple of upper-jobs. Flynn and Wallace spent many hours with him in their course on manliness. More often than not he could be seen with a huge spanner around his neck, which seemed to be the price for mistakes in exam's. Mario's adeptness as a carpenter was disproved in a shower of splinters when a deck chair collapsed. Although seemingly almost always in hot water, he made many friends with his flashing smile and magnetic personality.

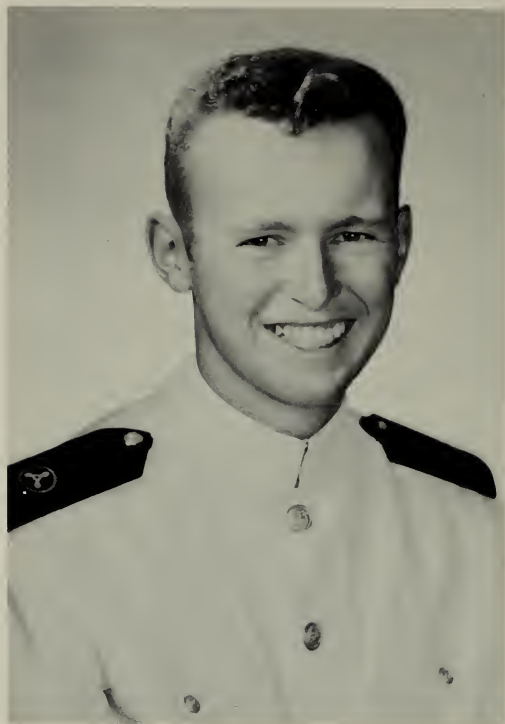
Ronald J. Putignano

Century Club
Propeller Club
Softball
Horizontal Club
Chinese Laundry



DONALD J. PUTIGNANO
17 Erie Ave.
Brockton, Mass.
Put

"Ya-hoo gang, think it ain't," and every one knew that **Putchino** had made his weekly appearance at evening studies. **Put**, one of the more scholarly middies of the class of '57, will long be remembered for his nightly jaunts to the Brockton Library where he absorbed all the extra curricular activities necessary for a degree from M.M.A. He instituted the commuter league, was senior man in the port aisle music guild, and almost always "had his." Best of luck to the "slim man" from Brockton, and may he have many more deals.



Robert E. Rumney

20-20 Club
Marinaires
Drill Squad
Club "49"
2115 Club

ROBERT EARL RUMNEY
2634 Acushnet Ave.
New Bedford, Mass.

I suppose every town puts out a lady-killer, and New Bedford, being no different from the rest, but almost out did itself in Bob. Bob, although quiet in many respects, made an everlasting impression upon the natives of many a "gook port." He was abused half-way thru the first cruise but made a terrific come back with no loss. There is still some doubt as to whether or not it was he who planned that long "whale movie" walk through the ancient town of New Bedford.

Robert A. Young

Ring Dance Committee
Football 1, 2, 3 (?)
Track 1, 2, 3
Softball
Muster Staff
Glee Club



ROBERT A. YOUNG
359 Warren St.
Needham, Mass.

The **Tiger** came into the academy very quietly, that is, he was quiet, until he joined forces with another member of the animal kingdom, namely the **Monk**. Then a storm broke, it was through the sincere efforts of the two that M.M.A.'s track team was born. It is now well on its way to becoming an established sport here. **Bob**, too, had a hand in the beginning of another new institution of M.M.A. The Glee Club which has a very bright future. How can he go wrong, if he continues to do what he did here?



Wayne G. Young

Football 1, 2, 3 (?)
Baseball
Softball
Rowing Team
Graduation Honor Guard

WAYNE GORDON YOUNG
304 Whiting St.
Hingham, Mass.
Monk

Monkey, Hingham's version of Tarzan, followed the paths leading from his home forest and ambled aboard the CHN, where he elected the life of swinging from valve stem to valve stem. Serious and studious and very athletic, **Monk** is responsible for M.M.A.'s infant track team. Always a party goer, he attended all the social functions while on liberty and then some. One of the lady killers of the class, he and a certain deck ape toured Boston and vicinity with satisfying results. **Monk** will go far as long as he is careful not to grab onto any rotten limbs.

SECOND CLASS



Rear Row, left to right: Shepherd, WS, Bradley, JF, Crowninshield, BB, Cash, HD. Front Row, left to right: Atkinson, WR, Crowninshield, GW, York, BA.

THIRD CLASS



Rear Row, left to right: Tierney, PS, Gaides, CA, Crocker, RA, Chaisson, WP. Front Row, left to right: Bastille, RWJ, Trainor, JL, Ellis, DW.

In the following few pages is contained only a small part of the untold thousand of occurrences that have taken place in the three years we have spent at the Academy. It is given as an example to try to recall memories of the graduates in later years.



HISTORY



SAY THERE—

It seems hard to realize as we write our history that our stay at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy is fast drawing to an end. Only yesterday the date was 17 August 1954. Loaded down with dress uniforms, we boarded the Charleston with mixed emotions. Most of us having just graduated from high school, we found ourselves at the bottom of the pile again,—but how far down had we gone this time?

Upon arrival, we assumed the impersonal name of "Young Man." This seemed to be the war-cry of those much-dreaded "Upper-Jobs." Our first week was spent in drawing gear and books, and then we began in earnest, on the road of knowledge. Evening studies were taken up with the learning of "Mongbats" and "Young Reciprocating Steam Engines" and the like—all making for a well rounded education.

Classes had hardly begun, it seemed, when hurricane Carole paid us a visit and inundated our "campus" and depositing many cars in the canal.

To be a "deckling"



“YOUNG MAN”—JUST WHAT DO YOU

September brought football to MMA, and our first Ring Dance. Weeks passed quickly, and before we knew it we were in the midst of our first experience in drydock.

Then came eight more weeks of classes and a much-needed leave over Christmas, as our first cruise approached closer and closer.

On 17 January 1955 we left for warmer parts of the world—the Caribbean. Those salty “Second Jobs” told us that the first few days weren’t too bad, but all hands will remember that long, long night off the coast of Florida.

Finally after five days and much speculation the island of St. Thomas appeared on the horizon. Upon docking we were deluged by countless taxi-drivers, who were ready to take us any place on the island—for a price. Among our favorite spots were the Virgin Isle Hotel, with its beautiful grounds and swimming pool, Bluebeard’s Castle, and an uncounted number of taverns where the daylight hours were spent.



Weekend type animals

Drydock deals



Soon to Venture Forth

And then off again we would go to unknown quarters in the twilight hours . . .

After a three-day stay in St. Thomas the CHN pointed her bow to sea for the short one-day run down the islands to Martinique, with its low, rolling hills and picturesque rain-clouds. Many "deals" in French perfume were to be had in the local shops. The Lido Club offered a place for swimming and relaxation. MMA sportsters are everywhere; our basketball team showed the natives how—after Mr. Hemmerly fixed the lights that is.

Early on a Sunday morning under the veil of the semi-hourly showers we cast off and headed for Paramaribo in Dutch New Guinea, which we found, was located up an incredibly muddy tropical river.







That continental look



Dunster and soup-bone



Steel Band, Man!

THINK YOU ARE DOING?

Ashore, we found that bicycles were the best method of locomotion and many became interested in collecting number plates of the local registry.

Our education was not entirely neglected, however, for the government sponsored a trip to a bauxite mine and deep into the jungle to native villages. Finally, to the strains of the local brass band, we shoved off, cherishing fond memories of "Queenie" and the "Cosmopolitan" way.

The Naval base at Trinidad, was our next destination; and once made, the liberty parties were inspected and sent ashore. They immediately separated in to two groups, those who were taking the Navy up on their kind invitation to use the facilities at the base and those who were heading for town.

The attraction in town where the steel bands and the English fabrics and at the base, fresh milk, ice-cream, and cheaper liquid refreshments. After a day spent fueling, loading Coke, and taking aboard a seemingly endless amount of fruit we turned our stern to Trinidad, and rang up turns of 12 knots and headed for Curacao.

Entering Curacao through its remarkable pontoon bridge, we were again exposed to the unbelievable Dutch hospitality, and although we docked miles from town, transportation to and from the city proved to be no problem at all. The sparkling but expensive city created a striking contrast with the floating markets along the waterfront. The Dutch Navy showed its hospitality too by providing beach parties and several tours to the many oil refineries that are located on the island.



Jacksonville will be remembered for the dance sponsored for us by the Chamber of Commerce and the stock car races on the outskirts of town. However—Boston being only a few days away we were like horses turned toward the barn.

In Philadelphia, the next and last stop on the itinerary, we received our first taste of winter weather and found that the city of brotherhood is aptly named.

TURN TO—SECOND HACKS—

The CHN turned on a southward course again this time to Cartagena. We went ashore into the city of picturesque streets and casinos for the millionaire. Visits to the Escuela Naval, (Colombia's MMA), and the naval base were enjoyed by all and then after what seemed like only a few hours we were on our way to Haiti.

Our next port of call was Port au Prince in the land of voodoo, hidden among the mountains of the island. For bargains, one need not have left the dock, as the market came to us. Bargaining was standard procedure, and the natives never give up, but then neither did we. It was a deeper draft vessel which pulled away from the pier carrying many lighter draft Midshipmen.

The good old North American continent and the port of Vera Cruz, Mexico, was where the lines of the CHN were next secured. Our stay here was climaxed by a dance on the fantail and some of our classmates being bailed out of the calaboose. All too soon all lines were aboard and we were off to the USA.

Up the Mississippi we went, to New Orleans and fresh milk, and ice cream, and of course American girls. Dixieland's home was fascinating to all who went ashore, and fond memories came with many as we slid down the "Old Miss" headed for the gateway city of Florida.



Aristocrats in the art of sword play



A tour of the famous buildings and a dance at the USO and we were on our way home. For most of us the prettiest sight of the cruise were the lights of Boston and the many familiar faces awaiting us when we docked at Commonwealth pier. Jokingly we asked each other, "what kind of port is this?" and then we were back in "Buzzards Gulch" once more.



YOU AREN'T UPPER-JOBS YET,

Back to the books, after a few days off, and the time flew by. Our baseball team was in the thick of the Upper Cape League title race and we were in the middle of boilers, rules of the road, and Naval Science. The Spring Dance, held at the Sherry Biltmore, was a crashing success and then the summer and beach parties were here. Before one might say "Now hear this" final exams were on us, after which we recuperated for a full ten days.

After graduation, held at the Fargo Building, we returned to the Massachusetts Maritime Academy as second-classmen and a feeling of great security and knowledge. The subjects of the Deck and Engine sections had become more diversified and we felt that we were now getting into the real meat of our future profession. Amazingly, the time did not drag by as expected and before long the football season was again here.

Entertaining evenings by the Propellor Club





The victorious rowing team



Animals on the loose

"It's coffee time"



After the Ring Dance for which our classmates were the honor guard the time or dry dock was again just around the corner and the next instant it was past history. The game against Maine was played at Castine this year and the team returned a beaten but highly respected ball club. About this time news began to leak out via the "scuttle-but" that our next cruise would not begin until early March.



Animals perform for the camera



As young decklings

After the Christmas leave this was confirmed. We spent two frigid months in Buzzards Bay while ice formed around the Charleston. Finally the big day arrived and we left, bound for Bermuda and then the Mediterranean.

Promptly at 1300 on 5 March 1956, a bleak and snowy day, the ship slowly backed out of her berth and we set off on our much-heralded European cruise. Old salts ourselves by now, we did our best to frighten the Youngies with tales of the gales off Hatteras, but they did not materialize and so

New secret weapon



Typical winters day on the boggs





Nevertheless, when the middies waded ashore at Hamilton everything was soon under control. Those of us who hired motor-bikes covered the island from end to end. Of course, there were the usual casualties, caused sometimes by English "Rules of the Road," sometimes by "mechanical failure."

The four-day stay there was filled with speculation as to what our next port would be, but it ceased abruptly when we again dropped anchor off St. George. A day was spent in cleaning tanks, and then we steamed into



only the normal complement sought the lee rail, after having tried the closest one first.

The second or third day out we discovered a leak in a fuel tank back aft, and so by the time we hove to in Hamilton harbor the tank had changed its contents from Navy Special to salt water. The side of the Charleston looked as though it had a new paint job—a nice oily black color.





watches in the shops huddled along the flank of the Rock. We ventured to the top of that natural fortress, watched the magnificent precision of the British troops changing the guard, marveled at the long and bloody history of Gibraltar as displayed at the Museum, and begrudged the shortened stay—but we were off to France!

At last we were in the legendary land of wine, women, and song, we told ourselves as we moored with our stern overhanging the



St. George to have a doubler welded to our bottom. Finally we were ready and we started across the "Pond" at a furious pace to make up for lost time—a welcome change from our usual sedate eight-to-ten-knot speed.

Finally we sighted the "Rock," but something was missing. We couldn't figure out what it was until somebody remarked that the Prudential sign wasn't turned on. Many of us found excellent buys in clothes and



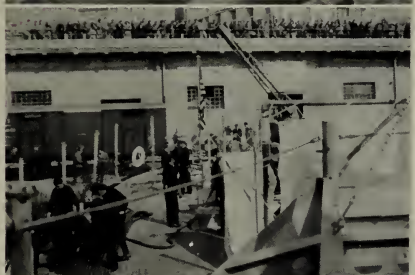
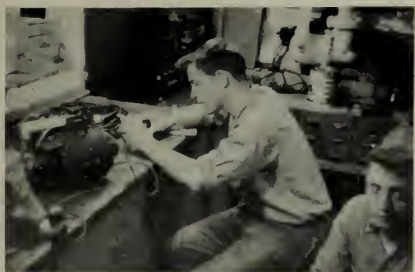


quay at the foot of the Canbiere, Marseilles' Main Street. And was the expectation fulfilled? You had better believe it was. The only drawback, that we could see, was the speed with which our already depleted wallets substained into an unnoticed bulge in our pockets. But there always seemed to be something going on. Many of us took in the sights—a night at the opera, perfume factories, night spots, the Chateau d'If, and

Notre Dame de la Garde.

Early on Easter morning we put into the lovely Spanish city of Barcelona, just a short run down the Spanish coast. In no time at all our Spanish-speaking classmates had their marks on the city, and we were off to the bull-fights, which were at their height in this post-Lenten season. While there, we made what we thought were arrangements for trips to Rome from Genoa, our next port.





Our expectations of Genoa were marred by the fact that we had been hoaxed on the tour; hence, with characteristic ingenuity we quickly organized our own. In trains and cars we descended on Rome, Pisa, and other points of interest in fabled Italy. While in port the CHN was flanked by the famous ships, the British light cruiser Birmingham, and the Andrea Doria, which sank soon afterward as the result of a collision with the Stockholm.

Soon we were off on the three-day trip to Africa and the International Port of Tangier. It lived up to our expectations, garnered from reading spy-stories. The small, dark streets with a beggar at every corner, the snake-charmers that could be seen (for a price, of course), the Oriental sounds and smells. Those of us who tried to capture some of the city's flavor on film found out to our



dismay that photography was almost taboo.

We were now on our homeward leg as we left the calm water of the Med and ventured forth into the somewhat rougher waters of the Atlantic, headed for Maderia. Here, between showers which seemed to occur by the clock, we refreshed ourselves with the products of the country. Undoubtedly the rainfall is the reason for the lush and beautiful plant-growth of the island, which we explored on foot, snapping up what we thought were fabulous bargains in Maderia linens. We were sorry to leave, but we were homeward-bound.

Farther south we went to Santa Cruz de Tenerife, in the Canary Islands, which we found occupied by not one but two other training ships, a Spanish one and a beautiful full-rigged four-master. This did not slow us down much, however, and we enjoyed the facilities of the Club Real de Nautico and clambered all over the island like the native goats.

Scraping the bottom in drydock



A sleeping pig

PSST—

Many tanned middies poked their heads from the hatches and ports of the CHN on the day we were due in San Juan, asking themselves, "Could the deckies do it again?" After, we had spent ten days at sea without seeing land; could they really find the island of Puerto Rico? Speculation soon was dissipated as the island appeared on the horizon.

The CHN dragged her weary plates up to the dock at the Army Base and soon the middies were flooding ashore to the Navy base and the lush hotels to see what the land of the millionaire vacationers had to offer. After a pleasant stay in Puerto Rico's sun-drenched climate, the Charleston was at last Stateside-bound.



It's Howdy Doody Time all over the world



I've got mine

“YOUNG MAN” COME HERE...



Skippers word is law

Band animal perform for Propellor Club



AHEAD LIES THE GOAL FOR

After a somewhat foggy approach to Chesapeake Bay, we slowly made our way up the river to Baltimore. The city of Baltimore as a whole didn't interest the middies too much, but many ventured to Washington, to take in the sights of the big city, and a few ventured to Annapolis to see how the better half (of those with the title of Midshipmen) live.

Leaving Baltimore on the Boston leg of the cruise, we traveled through the inland water way, and arrived at the Cape Cod Canal to a rousing welcome, from those parents that lived near. Then came the longest night of the cruise, the night we anchored off Boston in the Harbor.

After the leave, we again returned to the Bay and once more to the books, for the end





WHICH WE ALL

of the school year was only a little more than two months away. Time passed quickly. Before we knew it the First Jobs had graduated, and we were at last sitting on the top of the totem pole so to speak.

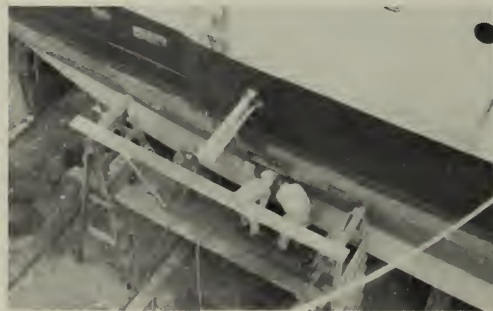
Our first day as Upper-Jobs was celebrated by beating the ex-upper jobs in the annual boat race. This was closely followed by finals and the summer leave and the return to new subjects and the new young men. Which of the two was the more difficult is hard to say, but eventually both were brought into line, with some effort.

It was not too long until September had rolled around. It will be agreed that September was a month of many events. Under the leadership of three deckies, there was a singing session that took place up forward that raised the feathers of a four striped pheasant, and the commissioners came bounding down.

In September, too, was the annual Ring Dance, a huge success. The party afterward could be said literally to have been a smashing success on the second floor level. Have you ever seen ghostly white figures wandering from room to room via window ledges? Can this be called fiction or non-fiction. At this dance Moe made his debut on television



HAVE STRIVEN — WE HAVE CLIMBED



The Charleston receives new plates in Drydock.



Bup-Bup



A big leaky boat



THE HILL, AND



What me Worry?



Fish-eye view of the Charleston



and Hank made a splintering entrance into the room, but outside of this the evening was relatively quiet.

After a few more weeks of lectures and such, we again returned to Boston and the Bethlehem yard for our annual drydock period. While in drydock this time the dear old CHN underwent major surgery, by the replacing of a few plates here and there about the hull. There was speculation after the drydock period as to whether or not the Charleston would be able to make the final cruise with us. But this was temporarily forgotten as we returned to the Bay for the final fling with the professors.

The Christmas leave came and went and then all of a sudden it was January 7, and the CHN was backing out of the slip to turn its

nose southward once again, for our final cruise and for what may well be the final cruise of the CHN.

It was snowing and was rather cold, but undaunted we were on our way. After five days of not too rigorous rock and roll we put into the Navy Base at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Liberty was much in speculation, but City Hall was able to squeeze out from 1300 to 1800. Such generosity! Gitimo offered sports in many variations for relaxation, and after four days the CHN headed out for a return visit to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands.

It was a rainy morning when the Charleston put in at Charlotte Amalie. This time, though logistics were made more difficult by anchoring, but undaunted, the ambrosia of the gods flowed aboard, at all hours and



by all means of transportation.

The middies were ashore to visit the establishments visited two years before, and to find new ones—if there were some they had missed before.

There was some action in the restriction department because some unidentified middle went swimming wearing "just a great big smile." While others went in service dress,

The prime interest of the island could be found at Micheal's Mount in the form of a steel band, and after the loss of one day's liberty on account of the wind—the CHN moved farther down the leeward chain to Barbados.

Barbados offered a host of things to do at the swimming club, beach parties and dinner parties at private homes. It could be said



khakis out of hours, and were wet both inside and out. After fueling and some delay waiting for Willie LaCasse the CHN was once more on its way to another gook island.

This time after around about route we arrived at Antigua and anchored some two miles off shore. Liberty was at a premium on some days because of the winds that prevailed, and the 17 knot rule.

that Barbados was perhaps the swingin'est port, owing largely to the wares of the Dixie Club, and the steel bands. After three days of sundrenched liberty in the harbor of Barbados, the CHN rang up 14 knots and was on its way to renew acquaintances in Trinidad.

We arrived in the land of calypso and docked in exactly the same berth as before. It was



THE MOUNTAIN LIES BEFORE

not long before the animals again were ashore to test the wares of the many bazaars.

There was the usual loading of Coke, and the unending stream of "fresh fruit"—and of course to refuel for the second time on the cruise.

There was a big splash dance thrown at the officers club, and all who attended will agree it was a wonderful evening. After what

seemed to be an all too short stay, we made track for other parts.

This time the deckies pulled us into the port of Baranquilla, where the red carpet was rolled out for us. The port could be classified as real cool, (or hot depending upon the point of view). The four days there were taken up with dances, cocktail parties, a trip to Colombia's Naval Academy, and a return visit by the Colombian cadets. The stay was





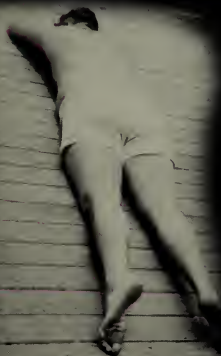
US...

climaxed by a dance on the fantail with a real band.

All too soon it seemed that the Charleston was headed back down the Magdalena River, for the quick run to Panama. Panama was full of things to see and do; there were many bazaars and oriental shops where many a middie pulled many a deal. There were also boat races between Maine Maritime and ourselves and trips to the Gatun locks at the

Panama Canal. And of course the quiet evenings in the various clubs about the Navy base. If you weren't careful the Captain might zap you for holding liquid refreshment in your hand.

A few sunning days later the CHN again found itself anchored in the harbor of yet another island. This island had little to offer for the gay middie; however, we managed to provide our own beach parties, etc. It could be only described as "lovely, lovely." And





the land of cotton. The place was lousy with some type of middies, most of them from Pensacola. While there we were made guests of the city and attended the azalea festival. The present and a few past "Miss Americas" provided excellent scenery.

Then around the Florida keys we went and up the coast to Fort Lauderdale. From there middies branched out in all directions—to the plush hotel row of Miami beach, to the various tracks in the area. And many seemed to have hit the jack pot—was it beginner's luck? Then off again on the final trek to Boston.

after three sunburning days in Grand Cayman, the "big grey warship" turned its bow toward Houston and the U.S.A.

After the long trip up the river to Houston and once we were secured the poor middie had no time to himself. The Red Cross provided dances, barbecues, trips to the battleship Texas, and the San Jacinto battle grounds. It was soon found to his advantage to have no time to himself. There were always lots of "real purty" Texas girls at the dances and functions.

Next stop on the itinerary was Mobile, Alabama. Mobile is one of those quiet ports in



The leave seemed to end all too soon and we were back to the old grind, this time in the final lap, for the license exams loomed just around the corner.

One week some of the officers disappeared down to New York, and then nothing was heard. And then all of a sudden we had a new ship, The USS Doyen (PA 1), a former troop transport. It spent several weeks at the



Bay and then was off again for the yard work.

License exams rolled around and our three years at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy was climaxed by our graduation. Suddenly the old CHN looked pretty good to us, for she had been our home for three years and now we were on our own, sink or swim. It had been worthwhile, after all.

The following pages contain a few of the activities that make the social life of Midshipman's three year stay at the Academy, as well as a small portion of the sport activities that go on about the school.



ACTIVITIES





*The Company of Midshipmen of the
Massachusetts Maritime Academy
cordially invite you to attend a
Formal Ring Dance
to be held at the*

*Main Ballroom of the Sheraton Plaza Hotel
Boston, Massachusetts*

*on Saturday evening, the fifteenth of September
Nineteen hundred and fifty-six
from eight to twelve o'clock*

R.S.V.P.

RING DANCE



Admiral and
Mrs. Julian D. Wilson





The biggest social event in the three years as a Midshipman's life at the Academy is his own Ring Dance. The ceremony which symbolizes being wedded to the sea, with the placing of his ring in the water from the seven seas of the world by his escort of the

evening, is old in the tradition of the academy; it has a meaning of deep significance to all those who take part. It is indeed impressive to all who attend and take part as well as those who have a year or two before their own ring dance.

Second Classmen double as our Honor Guard





Left to right Forbes Graham, Lincoln Kennedy, (Chairman), Peter Readell. Rear Row, left to right, Robert Reilly, Robert Strautman, James McCarthy.

RING DANCE COMMITTEE

Responsible for the biggest social event in our lives at the Academy was the Ring Dance Committee. Our Ring Dance the best in years we thought, and it was thanks directly to them. Under the able co-ordination of Linc Kennedy the seemingly unending amount of little details were ironed out and pressed into the finished product. A wonderful evening for all who attended.





RING COMMITTEE

Symbolic of the school from which we graduated is our class ring. With its eagle its shield from the Great Seal of the Commonwealth, its anchors or propellers, its deep-hued stone. The narrowing down of the many

variations were left to a very competent group. Ben Hogan and his staff did an excellent job of choosing a ring for our final approval. We wear them with pride.

Rear Row: Donald Hogas (Chairman). Front Row, left to right: James McCarthy, Richard Greer, Frank Southworth.





Rear Row, left to right:
Ascollilo, E., Gillen, JF,
Freeman, DF, Young, RA,
Southworth, FC.

Front Row, left to right:
Readel, PF, Kennedy, LM.

THE MUSTER STAFF

The 1957 Muster depicting our lives here at Massachusetts Maritime Academy would not have been written without the cooperation of the class. However, the assembling of the material necessary for it was left to the Muster Staff, as was the financing of the book. Co-editors Pete Readel and Linc Kennedy and their staff deserve credit for their work in producing this yearbook.

The class officer's lot is not "an 'appy one'" It requires judgement, first of all, since their work, though little appreciated, was mainly as moderator in our infrequent disputes. The class spirit we developed is a direct reflection on the way they did their jobs. We can only say "Well done to Dick Greer and his fellow officers, for they lived up to their responsibilities.

CLASS OFFICERS

Rear Row: Graham, F.
Front Row, left to right:
Flaherty, JF., Greer, RJ,
Weaver, R.



Rear Row: Broadbent, Hogan, Koopman, Dowd, Gaides, Crocker, Shepherd, Butthman.

Middle Row: Flaherty, Ferguson, Greer, Quinlan, Duffley, Grant.

Front Row: Crowninshield, Meyer, Atkinson, Ryder, Webb, Cutter.



THE BAND

Massachusetts Maritime Academy's Marching Band, under the guidance of Chuck Broadbent, produced the martial beat that quickened the blood in our veins each morning. And on those memorable Friday afternoons, when the troops passed in review, it was their music that made life bearable. The Band's music will be one of the memories we take with us.

Our most recent activity is our Glee Club, which was started through the enthusiasm largely of Giulio Cialdea and a few others. Looming large in the successes of the club has been the completely voluntary and zestful directing of Mr. Jaillet. Under him the club has welded itself into a smoothly blended group of voices whose concerts have been greatly appreciated.

GLEE CLUB



Front Row: Donnell, Mann, Goodwin, Nolan, Sarnie, Elis, Bastille.

Second Row: Kadlac, Morrison, Gillen, Bradley, Young, Dowd, Cialdea, McCarthy.

Third Row: Keane, Grant, Weaver, MacCaulley, Dunne, Harrington, Flynn, Crowninshield.

Rear Row: McCluskey, Manning, McGregor, Gaides, Whelan, Crowninshield, Andrews, Capelloti, Columb, Colis.

SPORTS

FOOTBALL



Sports here at the Academy have always operated under manifold difficulties—and since the school moved to Buzzards Bay these problems have increased. Our Director of Athletics, Lieutenant Lee Harrington, has carried on despite lack of just about everything: playing fields (we always had to borrow one even to practice on), dressing rooms, facilities for visitors, equipment. And our teams, in particular in football, have shown a do-or-die spirit which enabled them to produce a first-rate showing.



But in the fall of 1956 we gave up. Finally the utter lack of help from the authorities became too much for us, and football was dropped as a sport. This was too bad, because the teams that we turned out in our first two years here were some of the best the school has had. We can only say, R.I.P.

At the end of our three years here there were some slight signs of a change in the situation, with talk of land acquisition and provision for an athletic program. Perhaps once again in the future the name of Mariner will be respected on the gridiron.



BASEBALL

Somehow we have managed to keep a baseball team going each year, and as this is written the 1957 season's team shows much promise of being perhaps not quite as powerful as last year's aggregation, but with a strong defensive lineup and good batting power.

It should be an interesting season, for we will be up against a stronger league this year than ever. The only first classmen playing are Tony Scarlata and Gene Mirabello, who will continue through until graduation. But with the fine bench that we have, the team should pull through in the upper part of the league.

Good luck, team!



TRACK

The newly-formed M.M.A. track team made a great showing at its first public appearance by dominating the Southern New England Coastal Conference meet at Bridgewater in May, against much more experienced foes. The M.M.A. speedsters compiled a score of 59 points out of a possible 100.



We Thank You . . .

The editors and their staff wish to express their appreciation to all, who were responsible for this book. To the class, the advertisers, the faculty, our many patrons, and especially to Mr. Clark, our adviser, we say "thank you."

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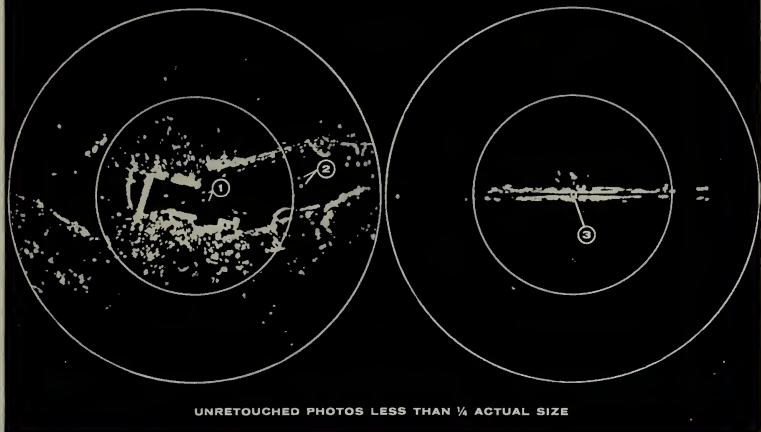
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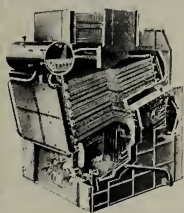
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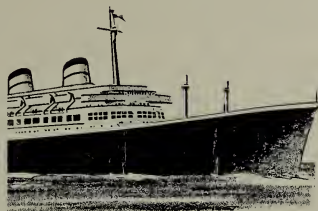
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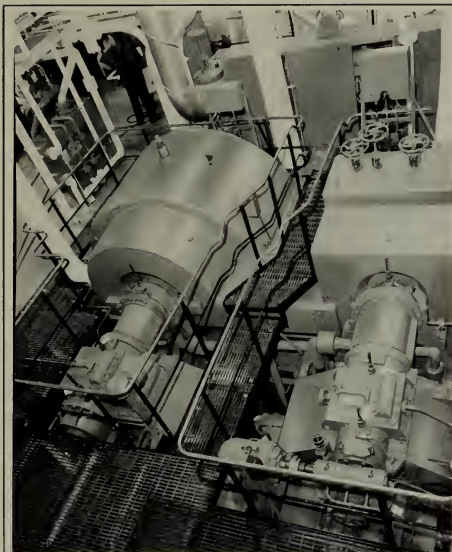
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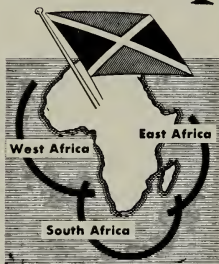
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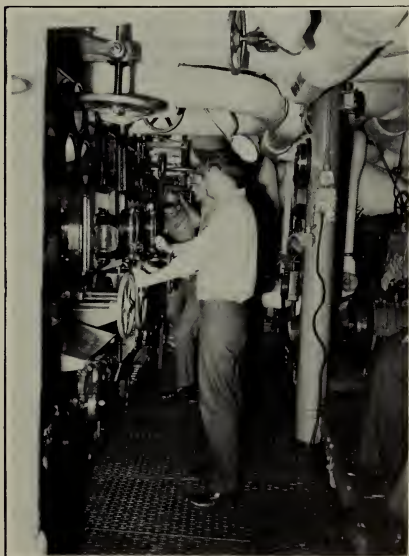
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